The New REPUBLIC

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In this issue:

A League of Peace

Billy Sunday

War-Rifts in Switzerland

and an article on education
by John Dewey

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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THE text of the British Order in Council confirms the impression made by the Prime Minister's speech. In a most kindly and considerate manner the British government cuts the throat of American trade with Germany. If the Order in Council establishes a blockade, the kind of blockade which it establishes is unknown to international law. If it does not establish a blockade, it is merely a revival of a wholly unregulated right of capture at sea. The United States cannot consent without protest to being deprived of its clear legal right to buy and sell non-contraband articles in Germany without becoming a party to Great Britain's quarrel with Germany. British apologists claim that she has refrained from "declaring and establishing a regular blockade in order that she may be free to treat neutral ships with greater consideration and inflict less hardship on neutral trade." We do not believe it. Great Britain has refrained from establishing a regular blockade because a regular blockade would be less effective and more costly than her it would not have prevented the entrance into Germany of non-contraband articles through neutral ports. Great Britain is using the great weapon of her sea power so that it will inflict the greatest damage on her enemies with the smallest cost to herself. She seems lenient to neutral commerce with Germany, because she refrains from imposing upon neutral trade the penalties to which they would be subjected by a regular blockade. She is wise enough, that is, not to confuse the infliction of the greatest possible damage on her enemies with the infliction of the greatest possible damage on neutrals. The confiscation of neutral ships and cargoes which would be the penalty for an unsuccessful attempt to run through a regular blockade would in the absence of such a blockade arouse a storm of protest and might well provoke costly reprisals on the part of neutrals. The latter are expected to accept with only paper protests a kindly and considerate infringement of their rights, whereas they would meet a more vigorous and ruthless policy with effective measures of retaliation. When Germany violates international law she scowls consciously and forbiddingly. When Great Britain violates international law her face breaks into a self-righteous and benevolent smile.

MANY Americans allow their attitude towards the British Order in Council to be determined by their judgment upon the merits of the existing war. They want the government of the United States to do nothing to embarrass Great Britain in the prosecution of the war, because they dread the effect of German victory or of an indecisive contest on the immediate future of western civilization. THE NEW REPUBLIC shares the prevailing opinion among Americans as to the merits of the quarrel. A victory on the part of Germany and Austria would be dangerous to the security of the United States and would temporarily bring national ambitions into conflict

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attempt to crush Great Britain and break down her control of the sea. British sea power has been on the whole a protection rather than a menace to the United States, and we may need that protection even more in the future than we have in the past. But the very confidence which this country has reposed in Great Britain and in British sea power should constrain the British government to use its power legally as well as considerately. American confidence in Great Britain is based on the conviction not only that it will not be abused, but that it will not stand in the way of the development of a more comprehensive, definite and authoritative system of public law. If British sea power alone is to dictate the rules of the sea, no amount of consideration in the exercise of that power could prevent it from being a tyranny. The American republic cannot indefinitely submit to such a benevolent monarchy any more than the wage-earner can submit to the rule of benevolent captains of industry. Neutral nations wish to live under a constitutional system which derives its validity from common consent, and they are not willing to have Great Britain declare martial law and suspend all constitutional guarantees merely because Germany has behaved in somewhat the same way.

WHEN people talk of "our" interests in Mexico, it is often difficult to know just what they mean. If a group of American promoters, backed by let us say French and Belgian capital, secure mining concessions in the interior of Mexico, do they become part of what is called "our national responsibilities?" On what theory is the government of the United States bound to protect these investments with its armed forces? This is the question which lies at the root of the demand for intervention. It is the question above all others about which public opinion must come to a clear decision, if democratic control of foreign policy is to be something more than a phrase. The theory of imperial governments is like that of imperial Rome: the flag covers the citizen wherever he happens to be. Is this the theory of our republic? It is quite evidently not the President's. He has acted on the belief that anyone who invests in a country like Mexico does so at his own risk, and must expect no military protection from the United States. He is, in short, an economic and political anti-imperialist. To him American investments in Mexico are not "our" investments. But British and German investments in Mexico are regarded by England and Germany as "their" investments. The American and the European Carranza the other day showed very frankly that the crux of his Mexican policy is whether he can avoid being forced to intervene by the Powers of Europe: "We seek always to act as friends of the Mexican people, and as their friends it is our duty to speak very plainly about the grave danger which threatens them from without whenever anything happens within their borders which is calculated to arouse the hostile sentiment of the whole world."

THIS week's news, however, proved very clearly that there is such a thing as a genuine American interest in Mexico, quite apart from the security of any investment. The state of Yucatan produces the sisal hemp needed for binder twine. Without this twine our grain and flax crops cannot be harvested. But Carranza, who is trying to raise revenue from Yucatan, had declared an embargo on the export of sisal hemp. The President at once had the American Granges protesting. He had to act quickly, and he dispatched the cruiser *Des Moines* to Progreso in Yucatan. Shipments of hemp were resumed. It was clearly a case where absolute non-intervention was impossible. No necessity of Carranza's could possibly justify the destruction of the American crops, because the starvation and misery which would result are too terrible to contemplate. With half the world dependent upon those crops, the American government is compelled to protect them at any cost. The world can endure the closing of silver mines for a time, but the cutting off of its main supply of hemp is unthinkable. And so even the most thorough anti-imperialist is compelled to regard Yucatan as more than Mexican national territory. What the world needs for its very existence no people may destroy because the supply is grown within its political boundaries.

TO deny that one country can be vitally concerned in the affairs of another is to be an extreme nationalist in the worst sense of the term. For the doctrine that any people living on a particular territory has the right to do whatever it pleases regardless of the rest of the world is the very opposite of real internationalism. We live in a world where economic necessities cross political frontiers. Yucatan hemp enables Iowa farmers to harvest grain which helps to feed Belgium. That is why non-interference in the "internal" affairs of other countries is an almost meaningless idea. For this "meddling" of one nation in the affairs of another is the crude, awkward recognition that we live in a world which is economically unified. We are parts of one another.

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astrous results. Weak countries like Mexico and China invite meddling which amounts to exploitation. But the true solution is not a doctrine of absolute non-interference. The true solution is international organization to meet the fact that the world has become an international community.

EVEN in newspaper circles very little was known of the late Samuel Bowles, for nearly forty years editor of *The Springfield Republican,* and yet it was to the private character of Mr. Bowles that his paper owed its deserved reputation. In many respects *The Springfield Republican* stands as the highest achievement of American journalism. Published in a small city, it maintained a perspective that gave to it national significance and esteem, and this was primarily due to the integrity with which Mr. Bowles preserved the tradition he inherited. To him the publication of a newspaper was not a business. It was an art, to be pursued in the light of artistic conscience, and to that art Mr. Bowles devoted himself unsparingly. A stern taskmaster with others, he was equally relentless with himself. Although he paid small salaries and offered little besides the opportunity to do good work, he was able to produce a newspaper which, in days of haste and adulteration, was universally admired as scrupulous, responsible and rightly sophisticated, and his office was probably the best training school in the country. The worth of such a journal is appreciated by nearly all conscientious newspaper men, but it is perceived by far too few newspaper publishers.

SECRETARY Bryan addressed a large crowd at Philadelphia on Monday. His subject was temperance. He moved his hearers. Many of them—something like 12,000, according to the newspapers—stood up and said they would never drink alcohol again. When the meeting was over, Mr. Bryan addressed himself to the task of witnessing temperance pledges, which were so numerous that he was kept busy for more than an hour. It is easy to laugh at Mr. Bryan for doing things like this in times like these. It is even a little hard not to.

IT seems as if the attacks on Judge Lindsey would never end. Indeed when the complete story of his life comes to be written it will form a record almost without parallel for insistent and malicious persecution. If it isn't a recall election, it is a bill to abolish his court. If it isn't that, it's a campaign of slander. Scotched a dozen twenty-seventh Mr. Walter Lippmann will write of [illegible] the minimum wage under the title "The Campaign

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sey's enemies say he is an enemy of their state, a despoiler of its "fair name." They are mistaken. Judge Lindsey is one of the great assets of Colorado, one of its institutions, a man who has done more than anyone in his community to convince the nation that civilization has a home in Colorado. No one has forgotten the recent strike, its inhumanity and its stupidity. No one has forgotten that Colorado failed miserably in the eyes of the country. It has much to repair, much to redeem. Any serious effort to destroy Judge Lindsey, any failure on the part of the men and women voters to support him, will be taken as evidence that Colorado has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, that greed, revenge, and blind reaction are in the saddle, ready to ride the state to dishonor.

THE *Nation,* Lecky's "History of European Morals," and Goethe's "Faust"—Frank Tannenbaum, of the I. W. W., wanted to read them while he was a prisoner on Blackwell's Island. He says the warden wouldn't let him. He accuses the warden of thinking them too radical. He plainly inclines to think the warden rather an ass. Our own attitude is different. Although we don't think this kind of reading would have hurt Mr. Tannenbaum, we are much surprised and charmed to find a prison warden so ready to generalize soundly. It is radical to show people that morals change. Doesn't Lecky show this? It is radical to make thought contagious. Isn't this one of Goethe's leading crimes? It is radical to fight on the minority side. Hasn't the *Nation* often done this with pluck and persistence—against Tammany, against high tariff, for the gold standard when nearly everybody was afraid to say "gold"? It is pleasant to suspect the warden at Blackwell's Island of the leisure and disposition to think these thoughts. Even so did Miss Prism, the governess in "The Importance of Being Earnest," direct her pupil to omit from her history of India, as being "somewhat too sensational," the chapter on the fall of the rupee.

MANY persons are puzzled about the minimum wage question. They wish to know what the arguments against the minimum wage are, and what the facts are. They are wondering about its effect on the more efficient workers, about its relation to "economic law," the bearing it has on woman labor, on child labor, on immigration. The subject is too large for a short article. In a supplement with THE NEW REPUBLIC of March

Are We Militarists?

IN some quarters THE NEW REPUBLIC is regarded as militarist organ. It is an ugly reproach if it is true. Is it true? Are people militarists because, instead of urging immediate disarmament, they ask for an inquiry into the efficiency of the army and navy and for a moderate increase of their effective forces? Are they militarists because a sense of the horror of war does not drive them to demand an embargo on the shipping of arms to Europe, because in the midst of world-wide danger they do not wish to surrender neutral rights, or because they advocated the adventurous policy of supporting the Hague conventions and Belgian neutrality with diplomatic pressure? Are people militarists because they recognize that absolute non-interference in Mexican affairs is an impossibility in a world which is economically unified, or because they face frankly the question of ultimate intervention? By all current American pacifist standards such people have a black record, which on the face of it would seem to condemn them to the outer circles of militarist darkness.

But what is a militarist? To a Quaker the Woman's Peace Party urging an "international police" is unquestionably countenancing the use of force. To cosmopolitan socialists, as represented, for example, by the *New Review*, the recognition that nationality is a force likely to continue brings the reproach of militarism. Obviously it is an epithet easily used and rarely defined. Suppose it were defined. Suppose we say that militarism is the kind of politics which tries to organize the world for dominion rather than for cooperation. Suppose we test policies by that standard. We find that Switzerland is pacifist; not because it has no army—Switzerland is very well armed. We find that Turkey is militarist, but badly armed. The difference between Turkey and Switzerland is not a difference of military equipment, but a difference of national aim. Switzerland is devoted to the peace of Europe; Turkey is not.

The United States is neither armed nor disarmed. The American people have never agreed to lay down arms entirely, have never said frankly to the world that as a nation they stood for peace at any price. They have acted and are acting to-day on the assumption that under certain conditions they would fight. If the issue became tense enough the United States would go to war, the demand from the press would, we fear, be overwhelming, and the fact that the army or navy was unprepared would not make the nation pause. The nation would in all probability [illegible] and difficult business of preparation after the war began. The sacrifices in men and suffering might well be enormous, but they would be made, for the American people would not readily accept a defeat. The present inefficiency of our armaments would not keep us from war. Disarmament, or let us say misarmament, would not mean peace, so long as the foreign policy of this nation was not inspired by the doctrine of non-resistance. Those who resent any discussion of military preparedness are assuming that because we are unready we would not fight. It seems to us that the United States would fight anyway, and that a war might be long and frightfully costly.

Neither preparedness nor unpreparedness is an "insurance for peace." The making of peace depends upon a civilized and wise foreign policy. A few submarines more or less, an army of 75,000 or 150,000, the manning of coast artillery, the buying of machine guns, are utterly trivial points for discussion in the question of peace. They are so much tinkering with superficial effects, and they are profoundly irrelevant to the cause. But concentration upon them, resistance to every technical military improvement, has the result of keeping many people in a constant panic. It calls forth militarist agitation which is far more dangerous than military preparation. It produces movements like the American Legion, semi-official military organizations which are not under the direct control of the elected government. To forestall such agitation, to avoid the consequences of a reckless plunge into war, a prudent pacifist is compelled to urge Congress to increase the efficiency of the army and the navy. In our opinion, at least, the most dangerous possibility before us is a Presidential campaign fought on the question of national defense. It is distressing to contemplate the jingoism which that would generate. But the only way to prevent such a political misfortune is by an unexcited technical discussion, and a moderate improvement of military equipment.

The true test of an individual's devotion to peace is his view of foreign policy. A pacifist is valuable in so far as he contributes to the humane solution of outstanding international difficulties. What good is it for him to shriek at the sight of guns and denounce militarism from the housetops if he does not consider concretely the answer to the issues about which nations fight? This at least is the form our own pacifism has taken. The mere fact that war is insane, brutal, hideous, is good reason for abolishing it, but war will not therefore be abolished. An intelligent pacifist must set himself the task of finding answers to inter-

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can the causes of dangerous aggression. But he should begin at home. It is sheer folly and impertinence for us to offer advice to Europe until we have shown that we know how to manage our own policy in a civilized and constructive way.

To contribute a little to American policy is surely the first duty of American lovers of peace. Whether or not they are militarists in the bad sense depends upon whether they stand for a foreign policy that is likely to engender war. Another army corps will not precipitate a struggle, but unwise international action might. So it is about the quality of our foreign relations that we must try to think.

For example, there has been recently a genuine opportunity to make trouble with Japan. Her demands upon China violate the old policy of the Open Door, they represent a real aggression in the East, and anyone who stood for violent American expansion would have had the ideal combination of moral and commercial motives for an outcry against Japan. It was a fine chance for a genuine militarist. He would never have allowed Japan a free hand, or abandoned American and Chinese interests to their fate. This dropping of American ambition in the East is probably the most pacifist act in recent American history. It will cost some business men a great deal, and it puts China in an unfortunate position. But whatever else may be said about such an attitude, it is surely the most unaggressive and non-resistant conceivable under the circumstances.

In regard to our relations with Central and South America, we have urged the development of Pan-American organization to supplant the old one-sided Monroe Doctrine. This attitude is based on a hope that in this hemisphere, at least, an international union would be created as the most immediate and practicable step toward world federation. Such a Pan-American organization seems to us the substitute for the growth of our own imperialism. And for the world's peace we have urged the formation of a league of neutrals which shall have as its motive power the protection of neutral commerce, but from which could be derived more disinterested results. We believe that if all neutrals had made Belgium's cause their own, incalculably great progress toward better world conditions would have been insured.

In short, we have little faith in a pacifism which is mere *laissez-faire,* in the doctrine that peace is the vacuum created by the absence of war. Peace is something more original than that. It is a great construction, of infinite complexity, which will be aided but not consummated by good intentions. It can work for peace by adopting counsels of perfection in a policy of isolation. Yet that is what mere non-resistance implies. It implies an unwillingness to take the risk of participation in world politics, it trusts vaguely that by staying at home and minding our business, we can make our own little cultivated garden bloom in peace and prosperity. There is no internationalism in such a view of things. The real internationalist is one who works first of all to keep his own nation from aggressive action, who infuses his own national policy with a desire for international peace. He works to control his own government so as to make it adopt a humanely constructive foreign policy. He does not refuse to have part in the world's affairs because the world may soil his hands. He realizes that peace can be created only out of the strength of intelligent people, that even God when he fought the devil had to compromise his own perfection.

A League of Peace

IT is more than a century since Thomas Paine proposed to secure the world's peace forever by a league between Britain, France and the United States. He made the suggestion on the eve of the Napoleonic wars, and it is hardly an accident that the idea was revived with a different trinity a few months before the present struggle. It was Britain, France and Germany that Jean Jaurès would have united in a League of Peace. At the parting of the ways the clear-sighted idealist has always understood that the choice is not between war and that sort of peace which is only a negation of war. The choice in both these crises lay between shattering war and constructive peace, between an open and destructive enmity and a peace based on a common will and an active partnership. Mirabeau had the same vivid perception, and what these three saw is still a vision that haunts us among the mists of war. Of the several proposals that arise inevitably in men's minds when we think of preventing the renewal of this Continental struggle, there is none which sober thinkers propound so readily and none which has been worked out with greater detail in England than this expedient of the League of Peace. There are, indeed, a few who dare to speak of the United States of Europe, and some who discuss the creation of an international police force to secure the law of nations and repress aggression. But even they do not deny the inordinate difficulties. This war has lasted long enough to teach all but the unteachable that neither side will

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any influence suffice to bring the enemies of to-day by their spontaneous choice into a European federation? Is any people, even the most pacific, prepared as yet to accept the surrender of sovereignty which entry into even a loosely-knit federation would involve?

The League of Peace presents itself to practical men as a dream capable of an early translation into fact. The allies need only agree to join their forces against any power which persisted, after offers of arbitration or mediation (a reservation which no old-fashioned alliance ever made) in attacking any one of them. It would differ from other alliances partly by its insistence on the duty of arbitration, partly by its frank and public constitution, but mainly by the ready welcome which it would offer even to the enemy of yesterday, should he elect to enter it. The United States would rally to it, seeing in it their best hope of safety, and ultimately it might become a genuine Pan-European League. It is sometimes suggested that Paine's Anglo-Franco-American combination might form its nucleus. More often its advocates base their hopes on the Anglo-Franco-Russian entente, expanded by adhesion of some of the present neutrals. No one suggests, and this is the weakest point of the whole scheme, that Germany and Austria would be likely to join such a League at the start, though no one of this way of thinking would desire to exclude them.

Much would depend on the nucleus of the federation. Crude military considerations render an Anglo-French-American trinity impossible. Without discussing whether the United States would care to enter "the vortex of European militarism," it is enough to point out that such a combination could not hope to hold the rest of Europe in check, could not even safeguard France against Germany alone, unless one or both of the English-speaking nations adopted compulsory military service. France must ally herself to some first-rate military power; no navy can protect her land frontiers. The Anglo-Franco-Russian combination is open to other objections. It does not represent a homogeneous civilization. Every outbreak of anti-Jewish fanaticism in Russia, every assault on Finland or Persia, every reminder that official Russia still belongs to the dark ages, would tend to weaken the moral authority of such a League. It has, moreover, too long a history. It would seem even to charitable Germans a mere perpetuation under a new name of the combination which M. Delcassé and King Edward were accused of forming to "pen Germany in." It would seem to be nothing better new pacifist façade to the old-armed fortress would only aggravate by hypocrisy the sin of success. Germany would never join this League; she would scheme with all the arts of barter and intrigue to detach Russia from it, and the old game of the Balance of Power would go on.

The fatal objection to any alliance of this kind is that it does not really meet the difficulty that no state will abandon its sovereignty. This alliance would not be a League of Peace unless it were prepared to exercise a very sharp supervision over the foreign policy of its members. If the old Anglo-Franco-Russian entente had been a genuine League of Peace, it would have had to say, for example, to Servia, "You may join us, but if you do join us, you must abandon forever your Irredentist ambitions at the expense of Austria. We will protect you against any unprovoked attack by Austria. But you on your side must refrain from any encouragement to those who would dismember her." It would have had to say with equal decision to France, "Join us by all means, but at the cost of refraining from any expansion in Morocco. You cannot march on Fez without provoking some German reply." Such a League, in short, would be a mutual insurance society, but the risks would be too high unless the society could prohibit its members from any deliberate playing with fire. It is not enough to say, "We will murder an Archduke once in a way, but when he is dead and buried we will go to the Hague about him"; or, "We will, to be sure, take places in the sun which other people covet, but when we have taken them we shall not wantonly attack any unsuccessful rivals." The League of Peace would either be the old imperialistic alliance under a dishonest name, or else it would be a highly conservative federation which would keep its members in a very strait pacifist jacket. If great powers would really endure such a control they might as well face at once the limitation of sovereignty implied in a United States of Europe.

The vice of all such schemes is that they are based too one-sidedly on the idea of preventing wars. They take a static view of the world. They come quite naturally from citizens of satisfied powers, weary of the burden of defending what they have got. They ignore the fact that life is change. They make no provision for any organic alterations in the world's structure. We can no more prevent war by organizing a defensive league than revolution by creating a police. We must deal with causes, must provide some means alternative to war by which large grievances can be redressed and legitimate am-

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not again embroil a continent in war, some machinery must be provided by which Austria can be required to treat her subject Serbs reasonably well. When a "place in the sun" like Morocco, one of the few unappropriated parts of the earth fit for settlement by a white race, can no longer maintain its independence, there must be some impartial power which can say, "This rich potential colony ought not to go to a state like France, with two similar colonies already under its flag and a dwindling population at home, but rather to a state like Germany, with no such colony of her own, despite her teeming population, her great birth-rate, her vigorous and expansive commerce."

For such problems as this there is no solution in the quasi-legal processes of arbitration. The fundamental fact in the European history of the last twenty years has been the restless search of Germany for colonies and fields of exploitation. She felt her way in South Africa; the British Empire expanded to exclude her. She turned a timid glance to Brazil; the Monroe Doctrine was the flaming sword at the gate of that Paradise. She coveted Morocco; the British navy cleared its decks. She penetrated Turkey down the spine of the Bagdad Railway; she was met at the Gulf with opposing sea-power. A League of the Satisfied might appeal to London and Paris and Petrograd. But Berlin will ask, "What hope does it offer to me that when my population is still denser, my industry still more expansive, my need for markets and fields of exploitation for my capital even more clamant than it is to-day, your League of Peace will provide me with an outlet? You bar the future, and you call it peace."

An Innocuous Frankenstein

IN the not distant future the question of nationalizing American railroads is certain to become a living issue. Predictions to that effect are confidently made by the advocates of government ownership, and are not disputed by its opponents. Indeed the latter have themselves frequently predicted government ownership to be the only possible alternative to unwise and excessive regulation. The prediction was intended as a threat, but even though the western as well as the eastern railroads get their increase in rates, it now wears more the appearance of a prophesy. Some of the opponents of nationalization are seriously alarmed, and are evincing their alarms after the traditional manner of fearful conservatives by making their protests more portentous. They call on heaven to witness the folly and impiety of the railroad nationalizers. In a recent issue of the *Atlantic* ernment ownership "would be destructive of both the economic and the political welfare of the people of the United States." Its adoption according to the same authority would be tantamount to the creation of "a political and economic Frankenstein," which would be "irresistibly impelled by its very nature to accomplish the work of ruin."

The article of which the foregoing statements constitute the conclusion is entitled, "Some Political Phases of Government Ownership." It discusses the problem of the government operation of the railroads in its relation to American political standards and practices. Its author has no difficulty in showing that if the political control of the railroads means the application to the railroads of the policy and methods now applied, say, to the post-office, a deterioration in the quality of the service is likely to follow. He has equally no difficulty in showing that sound administration has not been a strong point of the American political system, and that the imposition of this stupendous task of business organization and administration upon democratic government will involve a grave risk and a terrific strain. There are, indeed, good reasons for believing that unless railway nationalization brings with it a new administrative *esprit de corps* similar to that which was shown in the building of the Panama Canal, and a much larger measure of expert administrative indepenence than that which now prevails, there will be substituted for the evils of the existing railroad situation others no less or more objectionable.

If Mr. Dunn were content with pointing out how badly equipped the American democracy is for assuming so complicated and exacting an administrative job, he would have been making a safe although obvious contribution to the discussion. But he is not satisfied with a presumptive case against government ownership. He must have the law and the prophets lined up against the dangerous enterprise. He must prove not that it *may* be too much for the administrative capacity and public spirit of a democracy but that it *must* be too much. Arguments based upon the practical failure of American administration are not sufficient to prove inevitable disaster. Some fundamental principle must be raised from the obscure depths of social science, in whose name government ownership can be converted into a kind of sociological outlaw.

Mr. Dunn's fatal principle, like so many other principles which have been used for a similar purpose, has apparently a Spencerian origin. The government ownership of railroads will assuredly be disastrous because it "reverses a tendency which has marked the progress of modern civil

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moting it—the tendency towards the differentiation of political and economic functions." This sounds sufficiently portentous, but the disgrace of falling under the condemnation of such a principle is somewhat neutralized as soon as the principle itself is translated into less pretentious and more familiar terms. The differentiation of economic and political functions means nothing more than the emancipation of business from political interference—or, in other words, our friend and enemy the much abused, overworked and underpaid principle of *laissez-faire*. According to Mr. Dunn, government ownership will be "irresistibly impelled" to ruin the American commonwealth, because it requires the interference with business by politics.

Mr. Dunn's principle is worth notice only because it affords such a neat illustration of the way in which the question of railroad nationalization ought not to be argued. The ownership and the operation of the railroads by the government is merely one proposed method for the accomplishment of a group of desirable economic results and social purposes. Like other methods it will bring with it certain probable advantages and certain probable disadvantages, and it is always arguable that the advantages will outweigh the disadvantages; but to assert that any such piece of economic mechanism will be "irresistibly impelled" to ruin the American commonwealth is equivalent to asserting that an unruly horse is "irresistibly impelled" to kill an inattentive and incompetent driver. The American commonwealth will be ruined, if at all, not by railroad nationalization but by obscurantism, pig-headedness, national irresponsibility, inhumanity and greed. Government ownership and operation of the railroads will lessen certain opportunities for inhumanity, irresponsibility and greed, and will increase others. If it is to be tried, it should be tried with the full understanding that it neither solves the railroad problem nor prevents the problem from being solved. It merely restates the problem in fresh and possibly more soluble terms.

The railroad problem is that of converting the major business interest of the country—the business on whose policy and efficiency all other forms of business more or less depend—into a trustworthy agency of social welfare. For many years this all-important "economic function" was "differentiated" from politics in the sense of being completely unregulated by political authority, but so much of an attempt to fulfill a "tendency which has marked the progress of modern civilization" was not followed by satisfactory results. Little by little political was substituted for business con-

somewhat unsatisfactory results, is cordially supported by public opinion. The question is not whether political control shall continue to prevail, but what means shall be used to make it effective.

The real difficulty just at present turns upon an insufficient recognition of the consequences and logic of responsible political control. Public opinion has not made up its mind how far the ownership of railroads by private corporations can be made socially serviceable. The theory of existing regulation is that the technical owners of the property are still the responsible agents of the social result, but that they must be supervised in the exercise of their responsibility. Little by little, however, the scope of the supervision has been increasing until it now covers every essential phase of railroad management. The ostensible owners no longer own in the sense of controlling this class of property. At most they hold a precarious right to earn a return of from six to eight per cent on its value. Supervision from without has been translated into responsible management, and it works badly because it is attempting to accomplish the work of responsible management with the tools of external supervision. If railroad corporations are wholly untrustworthy agents of the social interests involved by the operation of railroad property, they must be reorganized until they become more trustworthy, or they must be superseded by public ownership. Regulation as it now exists is an approximation to government operation, not a substitute for it. The political control which will irresistibly "impel" the American democracy to destruction has already been adopted. The problem is whether it can be made successful without entirely doing away with the agency of private ownership and the responsibilities traditionally associated therewith.

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War-Rifts in Switzerland

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty Voice!

SO sang Wordsworth in 1807. His sonnet sprang into mind at the speech of an old peasant whom I met on a mountain road the day after the Swiss army had left for the frontier. He stopped for a moment to denounce fiercely "these kings and emperors who shoot down the rest of us—*nous autres*"; and then he went toiling on, an old, old man, hardly able to drag the heavy scythe to the deserted fields which he, and only such as he, were left to harvest. At dawn that morning the horses requisitioned from the whole countryside had passed in droves along the road down to the transport station at Clarens. When the hollow echoing of their hoofs and the cries of the drivers had died in the lower distances, with sunrise there spread through field and pasture and vineyard the silence of desolation. Only the mountains, their white suffused with rose against the awakening blue, thrilled the scene with the eloquence of a sovereign protest, and of warning, presageful of the terrific strain to which the very sinews of the Swiss Confederation were to be subjected by the convulsion of one-half the globe in the grip of two mighty opposites.

When the bolt of war fell, it surprised Switzerland at the height of her tourist season, and on the eve of the anniversary of the founding of the Confederation. Instantly the order to mobilize sped over the wires to the remotest village and hamlet, and was answered as by a single bound to the frontier on the part of a nation where every valid man is a soldier. There followed the proclamation of the Federal Council to its "dear and faithful Confederates," solemnly affirming the common fidelity to the national traditions, the firm adherence "to the line of conduct chosen by the free decision of our Swiss people," and the observance, conformably to international treaties, of an absolute neutrality. "The Federal Assembly and the Federal Council are resolved to employ their entire forces and to make every sacrifice for the maintenance of our independence and the defense of our neutrality. Behind its authorities the whole Swiss people stands firm and resolute. To our army now belongs the noble task of protecting the country against every attack and of repelling the aggressor, whoever he may be."

The full significance of these words is not confined to the fact that on the Swiss ba[illegible] likely at any moment to enter the lists. They seem to anticipate and repulse a graver menace within the Confederation itself. Of the some three and a half million inhabitants, more than two-thirds are of German stock and language, the remainder, French and Italian. Hitherto a common preference for a democratic policy has permitted these diverse elements to combine without friction in a single ardent patriotism. On a sudden they have found themselves precipitated into a passionate conflict of racial and political sympathies. The wave of racial individualism which two years before had broken through the dams opposed to it in the Balkans by the concert of powers, had rolled up to and surmounted the Alps. Behind that wall, unobserved in the general upheaval, a spiritual drama is being enacted wherein two races, two cultures, are pitted by their essential differences against the binding force of an ancient and honorable union.

Undoubtedly all Switzerland, without regard to language or race, watched with consternation the German armies pouring into Belgium, while German officers were turning out the authorities at the frontier of Luxembourg and taking over the railway and telegraph lines. At that moment the thought of every Swiss was of what might be happening within his own borders had they happened to lie across the path of a military objective.

But when the first shock was over, the French cantons observed with growing bitterness that their German confederates met with reserve and even silence acts that denied the principles to which the Swiss owe not alone their constitution but their existence as a nation. Instantly long smouldering animosities, strengthened of late years by the history of parties, broke into open recrimination that threatened the spiritual solidarity of the Confederation.

Backed only by the superb silence of France, the full splendor of whose tradition and ideal were revealed as if for the first time to the men of today, the literary and intellectual prestige of the French side confronted the numerical and economic superiority of the German cantons. The inequality was aggravated by the practical identification of the German element with the army. General Wille, who commands the national defense, is by marriage connected with the family of Bismarck, and his son is godson to the German Emperor. The charges that were to be heard of

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peated loudly and vehemently on public platforms and in the French Swiss press during the past months. Present conditions, it has been said, are made to favor unduly the pretensions of the army officer to a prestige that has no place in a free democracy. Violent irritation has been occasioned by the procedure of the censorship, which is controlled by the military authority. It has been accused of exercising this control mainly in the interest of one side, and of showing disproportioned concern for the sensibilities of certain personages: why should a number of the Paris *Illustration* be confiscated, and abusive German cartoons go unchallenged? Again, its slowness in suppressing illicit forms of German press propaganda, such as newspapers financed and directed from Berlin and assuming titles that represented them as organs of national Swiss opinion, provoked the indignant protest of the French Swiss press, which denounced with eloquence the impudent moral violation of Swiss neutrality by the hydra-headed German propaganda. The unwarranted arrests by police under military order of honorable French residents in Swiss towns on the German border created an unfavorable impression when compared with the number of German spies actually found guilty on Swiss territory. Exasperated further by the unexampled tragedy of violated Belgium, which was brought home by the actual spectacle of the wretched victims to whom all French Switzerland instantly extended an eager hospitality, the French element for the first time in the history of the republic felt itself isolated as the representative of generous sympathies and of the old proud tradition of personal freedom and national independence.

It is no exaggeration to say that Switzerland is to-day passing through the most tragic hour of her experience. The sundering of the ancient spiritual bond, deepened and strengthened by so many past perils confronted by a unanimous Swiss nation, is a possibility that the finest spirits on both sides contemplate with anguish. And already they have risen to meet the danger. On the French side they have pled nobly for the maintenance of the dignity of the Swiss, for the lifting of the whole question above personal and racial passions to the plane of truth and justice. They have warned against indulging in animosities that will serve no cause but that of the agents interested in sowing dissension. And from the German Swiss majority single voices—such as that of the poet Spiteler—have been raised to assert the spiritual unity which commits the whole Confederation irrevocably to a single ideal, to a single line of action.

meinde which united the mountain peasants centuries ago—as it still does in the forest cantons—to take wise counsel for the common weal under the open May sky. A spiritual *Landesgemeinde,* it was suggested, should at this solemn hour convoke all noble spirits in the interests of the purest patriotism. And thus the tradition of a democracy of free men has been potent in blending into harmony the finest elements of two races made not to destroy but to complete each other. To both must be ascribed the influences that are seeking to formulate out of the welter of conflicting forces a principle of unity upon which a national Swiss sentiment may repose.

While the peril is not yet over, the people as a whole has responded. Although the avowedly reactionary elements among the German Swiss may have been carried away by the first spectacular military successes of the empire, the plain man, who keeps a corner of the "canny" peasant in his composition, did not go so far. He loves his mountains and his vernacular, with reserve but with passion. And it was the accredited spokesmen of Pan-Germanism itself who were most adept at cooling the ardors of consanguinity. Farcical "incidents" supervened which discredited certain lofty pretensions, to the shrewd humor of the Swiss. He heard his artists Hodler and Jaques-Dalcroze assailed by a storm of abusive *ira Germanica* for expressing their convictions, as artists, on the destruction of art treasures. But above all, the promulgation of the theory that small states have only a dubious right to exist, and the contemptuous epithet of "parasite" flung indiscriminately at small nations, sensibly moderated the exaggerated enthusiasms and emphasized the divergent ideals. The French Swiss press seized the moment to underline the contrast of traditional policy with the utterances of the statesmen and political philosophers of England. To the German sneer that it was to England's interest to fight for Belgium's neutrality they retorted that so much the more might she be relied on to maintain in future the integrity of small peoples. It was not the purely hypothetical Russian "peril," nor yet the English "peril"—with which, as one journalist remarked, every Swiss has so long been familiar in the luggage-stacked second-class carriages of the Swiss railways—that the Confederation needed to be protected from; another "peril" was present in the invasion of commerce and industry, of the artistic and mental life of the Swiss nation, turning her to forgetfulness of her ancient faiths and laming her will for united heroic action.

While the national solidarity continues slowly to

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of Switzerland. It is her failure to protest officially against the violation of Belgium and Luxembourg. They are not content that Switzerland support without a murmur the enormous burden of this war, which is costing her a million francs a day for the upkeep of her army, at the same time that it has paralyzed practically her entire industry; they are not content that she has proved toward refugee and interned and prisoner of war her generosity, her skill, her abnegation. They remember that Geneva offered security and a spiritual kingdom to the fugitive Calvin; that she gave birth to Rousseau and hospitality to Voltaire. To-day they miss the Mountains' "mighty Voice." "Who," exclaims Maurice Millioud, "who will utter the great resounding cry, who will make live again in the present the heroism of our past, who will kindle again the pride of our souls and give back to our thought its virile firmness? Confederates! We have to safeguard our title to nobility. Our immediate interest to-day is disinterestedness. History has willed that Switzerland should be a moral force. She must continue to be it more and more, or she will perish."

FLORENCE V. KEYS.

Geneva, February 15.

Billy Sunday

BEFORE I heard Billy Sunday in Philadelphia I had formed a conception of him from the newspapers. First of all, he was a baseball player become revivalist. I imagined him as a ranting, screaming vulgarian, a mob orator who lashed himself and his audience into an ecstasy of cheap religious fervor, a sensationalist whose sermons were fables in slang. I thought of him as vividly, torrentially abusive, and I thought of his revival as an orgy in which hundreds of sinners ended by streaming in full view to the public mourners' bench. With the penitents I associated the broken humanity of Magdalen, dishevelled, tearful, prostrate, on her knees to the Lord. I thought of Billy Sunday presiding over a meeting that was tossed like trees in a storm.

However this preconception was formed, it at least had the merit of consistency. It was, that is to say, consistently inaccurate in every particular.

Consider, in the first place, the extraordinary orderliness of his specially constructed Tabernacle. Built like a giant greenhouse in a single story, it covers an immense area and seats fifteen thousand human beings. Lighted at night by electricity as if by sunshine, the floor is a vast garden of human auditorium, with its forest of light wooden pillars and braces, runs a glass-enclosed alley, and standing outside in the alley throng the spectators for whom there are no seats. Except for the quiet ushers, the silent sawdust aisles are kept free. Through police-guarded doors a thin trickle fills up the last available seats, and this business is dispatched with little commotion. Fully as many people wait to hear this single diminutive speaker as attend a national political convention. In many ways the crowd suggests a national convention; but both men and women are hatless, and their attentiveness is exemplar.

It is, if the phrase is permitted, conspicuously a middle-class crowd. It is the crowd that wears Cluett-Peabody collars, that reads the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is the crowd for whom the nickel was especially coined, the nickel that pays carfare, that fits in a telephone slot, that buys a cup of coffee or a piece of pie, that purchases a shoe-shine, that pays for a soda, that gets a stick of Hershey's chocolate, that made Woolworth a millionaire, that is spent for chewing-gum or for a glass of beer. In that crowd are men and women from every sect and every political party, ranging in color from the pink of the factory superintendent's bald head to the ebony of the discreetly dressed negro laundress. A small proportion of professional men and a small proportion of ragged labor is to be discerned, but the general tone is of simple, common-sense, practical, domestic America. Numbers of young girls who might equally well be at the movies are to be seen, raw-boned boys not long from the country, angular home-keeping virgins of the sort that belong to sewing circles, neat young men who suggest the Y. M. C. A., iron-grey mothers who recall the numbered side-streets in Harlem or Brooklyn or the Chicago West Side and who bring to mind asthma and the price of eggs, self-conscious young clerks who are half curious and partly starved for emotion, men over forty with prominent Adam's apple and the thin, strained look of lives fairly careworn and dutiful, citizens of the kind that with all their heterogeneousness give to a jury its oddly characteristic effect, fattish men who might be small shopkeepers with a single employee, the single employee himself, the pretty girl who thinks the Rev. Mr. Rhodeheaver so handsome, the prosaic girl whose chief perception is that Mr. Sunday is so hoarse, the nervously facetious youths who won't be swayed, the sedentary "providers" who cannot open their ears without dropping their jaws. A collection of decidedly stable, normal, and one may say, "average" mortals, some of them

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near the entrances, destined resentfully to catch a chill.

Very simple and pleasant is the beginning. Mr. Sunday's small platform is a bower of lovely bouquets, and the first business is the acknowledgment of these offerings. As a means of predisposing the audience in Mr. Sunday's favor nothing could be more genial. In the body of the hall are seated the sponsors of these gifts, and as each tribute is presented to view, Mr. Rhodeheaver's powerful, commonplace voice invites them to recognition. "Is the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company here?" All eyes turn to a little patch of upstanding brethren. "Fine, fine. We're glad to see yeh here. We're glad to welcome yeh. And what hymn would *you* like to have?" In loud concert the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. delegation shout: "Number forty-nine!" Mr. Rhodeheaver humorously parodies the shout: "Number forty-nine! It's a good 'un, too. Thank yeh, we're glad to have yeh here." Not only immense bouquets, but gold pieces, boxes of handkerchiefs, long mirrors, all sorts of presents, mainly from big corporations or their employees, are on the tight platform. One present came from a mill, a box of towels, and with it not only a warm, manly letter asking Mr. Sunday to accept "the product of our industry," but a little poetic tribute, expressing the hope that after his strenuous sermon Mr. Sunday might have a good bath and take comfort in the use of the towels. Everyone laughed and liked it, and gazed amiably at the towels.

The hymns were disappointing. If fifteen thousand people had really joined in them the effect would have been stupendous. As it was, they were thrilling, but not completely. The audience was not half abandoned enough.

Then, after a collection had been taken up for a local charity, Mr. Sunday began with a prayer. A compact figure in an ordinary black business suit, it was instantly apparent from his nerveless voice that, for all his athleticism, he was tired to the bone. He is fifty-three years old and for nine weeks he had been delivering about fifteen extremely intense sermons a week. His opening was almost adramatic. It had the conservatism of fatigue, and it was only his evident self-possession that cancelled the fear he would fizzle.

The two men whom Sunday most recalled to me at first were Elbert Hubbard and George M. Cohan. In his mental calibre and his pungent philistinism of expression he reminded me of Hubbard, but in his physical attitude there was nothing of that greasy orator. He was trim and clean-

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been a letter referring to Billy Sunday's great work, "the moral uplift so essential to the business and commercial supremacy of this city and this country." As he developed his homely moral sermon for his attentive middle-class congregation, this gave the clue to his appeal. It did not seem to me that he had one touch of divine poetry. He humored and argued and smote for Christ as a commodity that would satisfy an enormous acknowledged gap in his auditors' lives. He was "putting over" Christ. In awakening all the early memories of maternal admonition and counsel, the consciousness of unfulfilled desires, of neglected ideals, the ache for sympathy and understanding, he seemed like an insurance agent making a text of "over the hill to the poorhouse." He had at his finger tips all the selling points of Christ. He gave to sin and salvation a practical connotation. But while his words and actions apparently fascinated his audience, while they laughed eagerly when he scored, and clapped him warmly very often, to me he appealed no more than an ingenious electric advertisement, a bottle picked out against the darkness pouring out a foaming glass of beer.

And yet his heart seemed to be in it, as a salesman's heart has to be in it. Speaking the language of business enterprise, the language with which the great majority were familiar, using his physical antics merely as a device for clinching the story home, he gave to religion a great human pertinence, and he made the affirmation of faith seem creditable and easy. And he defined his own object so that a child could understand. He was a recruiting officer, not a drill sergeant. He spoke for faith in Christ, he left the rest to the clergy. And to the clergy he said: "If you are too lazy to take care of the baby after it is born, don't blame the doctor."

It was in his platform manners that Sunday recalled George M. Cohan. When you hear that he goes through all the gyrations and gesticulations of baseball, you think of a yahoo, but in practice he is not wild. Needing to arrest the attention of an incredibly large number of people, he adopts various evolutions that have a genuine emphatic value. It is a physical language with which the vast majority have friendly heroic associations, and for them, spoken so featly and gracefully, it works. Grasping the edge of the platform table as if about to spring like a tiger into the auditorium, Sunday gives to his words a drive that makes you tense in your seat. Whipping like a flash from one side of the table to the other, he makes your mind keep unison with his body. He

out the name of Christ as if he were sending a spitball right into your teeth, you realize it is only an odd, apt, popular conventionalization of the ordinary rhetorical gesture. Call it his bag of tricks, deem it incongruous and stagey, but if Our Lady's Juggler is romantic in grand opera, he is not a whit more romantic than this athlete who has adapted beautiful movements to an emphasis of convictions to which the audience nods assent.

The dissuading devil was conjured by Sunday in his peroration, and then he ended by thanking God for sending him his great opportunity, his vast audience, his bouquets and his towels. When he finished, several hundred persons trailed forward to shake hands and confess their faith—bringing the total of "penitents" up to 35,135.

Bending with a smile to these men and women who intend to live in the faith of Christ, Billy Sunday gives a last impression of kindliness, sincerity, tired zeal. And various factory superintendents and employers mingle benignly around, glad of a religion that puts on an aching social system such a hot mustard plaster.

F. H.

The Captain and the Priest

WE were asked to take a French captain in the touring-car to visit the spot where his brother had fallen and was buried. We thought he might prefer a solitary drive; but when he appeared himself he seemed if anything to be in rather merry pin, so at the last moment I got in too. He was a hard, natty little man in a fresh uniform and shiny top-boots, with a ready shrug for the terrors of war.

It was one of those still November afternoons. The brown copses in the hollows we passed were bloomed with smoky blue like a horse's eye, while round the sky-rim the sediment of mist was the color of dead rose leaves. The captain talked incessantly as we rushed and bumped along between the bare roadside poplars. He was at once vivacious, prompt, voluble, and stiff.

His tone when he repeated that la guerre was la guerre reminded me of people who say boys will be boys, and the lightness of his resignation set me wondering how it would wear. For though I could picture him an officer in an office—smick-smack, no hesitation—I could not imagine him at the front, dealing with men in circumstances which throw one back on human nature as it is.

When we arrived at the village where we were to stop, the captain left us and strode off across the fields to look for his brother's grave. Like all villages near the French fighting line, it was in a great mess and full of blue-coated soldiers. Twenty or more were standing on the green doing nothing; others were sitting on the churchyard wall; some hung about the slushy road; some came to the windows to stare; some lolled listlessly in the doorways; and from one of the cottages floated the strains of a gramophone—the music of boredom. One or two soldiers asked me the two inevitable questions, "How near are the Germans?" and "How long do you think the war will last?" Then I handed round cigarettes till they gave out, and those who got some nodded and smiled, and those who came up too late nodded and smiled. And we all stood together in the mud.

There was a squashed loaf on one side of the road, a tin or two lying about, and on the doorstep of the nearest cottage the liquid footprints were mixed with blood. Looking up from this threshold I caught the eye of one of the soldiers. He also nodded and smiled. I began myself to sink into the collective torpor and to dream also that we were all standing together in the mud. They, poor fellows, had been standing there for close on five weeks, and a little experience had already taught me before that man is not, let alone his other disabilities, an animal properly shaped for standing in the mud. For though after a time the familiar chill about the feet will act almost as a mesmeric suggestion that one is a cart-horse, the delusion is never complete enough. Four legs are too badly wanted, and men cannot stamp and snort for no reason yet with much apparent relief. A sudden sound does not startle them into momentary clumping activity. Above all they cannot put their necks across each other and rub and rub. Only that gesture could express and relieve the feelings of men towards each other who, having surrendered their individuality, find themselves day after day, week after week, standing together in the mud.

For us two Englishmen, however, there was this afternoon a distraction in store. Some one shouted "Messieurs les Anglais!" We instantly swung around our haunches and pricked up our ears. An old priest was eagerly beckoning from a window.

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our army was miles away. "How long do you think the war will last?" he inquired animatedly. Coming from him the question seemed like a fresh one, and we entered his little whitewashed sanctum to discuss it. We talked it out over coffee and cognac, and concluded, with a sense of having eliminated the influence of hope, that it must be over in February.

As it was one of our duties to inquire, wherever we went, after the many English who had disappeared during the retreat from Mons, I went on to ask him if there were any English graves or identification badges in the village. Had any English passed through? "No: not a single one of them. But what do you think I did?" he asked, gazing at us whimsically. "When the Uhlans came I rushed out into the road and waved my hat, shouting 'God save de King!' Yes, Monsieur, I tried to embrace an officer!" At the recollection of this awful *gaffe* his eyes and mouth became as round as a schoolboy's, who sees his booby-trap fall on some altogether too awe-inspiring head.

"And how did they behave?" I asked.

"How did the Bosches behave!" He raised hands and eyes to Heaven. Then jumping up he pointed to the smashed lid of his bureau. "There! They took all the money, all the offertory money, all my little treasure! Les Bosches! Voilà les Bosches, voilà, voilà, encore les Bosches!" And at each exclamation he thrust at us crumpled manuscripts, torn books, and photographs with heel-marks on them. "They turned out every drawer; they threw the things about the floors, and trampled on them; they pulled down the books; they took all the money! Peuh! Voilà les Bosches! Peuh!" He sat down with an immense contempt.

"And where were you while all this was going on?" I asked.

"I? Oh, I was lying in the nettles at the bottom of the garden," he said simply.

Seeing us look rather surprised he began to laugh; to laugh so immoderately that he doubled forward in his chair till only the top of his tousled white head was visible. "Yes, I and my old housekeeper spent the night hiding in the nettles."

We were sorry to part from this most sweet old person who was without a sense of dignity, though with a little pains he could have emulated the port and presence of John Bright; but the captain had passed the window and we rose to go. On the drive back the captain continued to talk as he had talked on the way out. His *tenu* was as rigid and precise as before. His ideas on every [illegible] represent two sides of the French character with which we are most out of touch. I could not help contrasting them, wondering vaguely beside which I would sooner fight. Of one thing I was quite sure; that if the captain did hide himself in a bed of nettles, he would not tell anyone he had done so.

DESMOND MCCARTHY.

Dostoevsky the Reactionary

THE unusually clear-headed article by Mr. Brailsford in THE NEW REPUBLIC of January ninth on the reactionary spirit in Russia was entitled "The Slavic Hope." In the same number Miss Rebecca West had chosen an equally ironic heading, "The Barbarians," for her sentimental appreciation of the gracious Russian character. For Mr. Brailsford the power that rules in Russia is represented by the late Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobedonostsef, who in Russian liberal circles is the byword for intellectual obscurantism and political obstruction. Miss West singles out Dostoevsky as representing the spirit which England has come to love and appreciate. A reader of both these articles might be impelled to create a theory of two Russias, the Russia of Pobedonostsef and that of Dostoevsky, exactly as one is taught to distinguish between the Germany of Nietzsche and that of Goethe. Professor Santayana has recently demonstrated the synthesis of the two antithetical Germanies. It is a much simpler task, and perhaps not less instructive, to synthesize the two Russias.

We have been hearing a great deal about the influence of certain intellectual forces in bringing about that emotional state in Germany which made the present conflict practically inevitable, but very little has been said about the significance of the doctrinaire notions which have been a guide for Russian diplomacy and served as a bulwark for the Russian government during the last two generations. The most positive force in Russian thought has been exerted by the Slavophil party. Mr. Brailsford has stated the theory and the program of this party with admirable distinctness. Its essence is uncompromising antagonism to those ideals which to-day govern the intellectual and spiritual life of Western Europe and of America. "What he (the Slavophil) hates in Germany is not its militarism but its rationalism, its religious tolerance, its socialism, and what he calls its ma[illegible]. This sentence of Mr. Brailsford's is

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is not aimed directly at him. Let one look through the volume of Dostoevsky's letters, recently translated into English, and in a dozen places he will find a straightforward affirmation of this creed. "The ultimate destiny of the Russian nation," he says in one place, "is to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not, and who is rooted in our native Orthodox faith. There lies, as I believe, the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilization, whereby we shall awaken the Eupean peoples; there lies the inmost core of our exuberant and intense existence that is to be." In the downfall of the Commune in Paris he sees a triumphant vindication of his idea. "A moral basis (taken from Positivist teachings) for society is not only incapable of producing any results whatever, but can't possibly define itself to itself, and so must always lose its way amid aspirations and ideals. Have we not sufficient evidence by this time to be able to prove that a society is not thus to be built up, that quite otherwhere lie the paths to the common good, and that this common good reposes on things altogether different from those hitherto accepted? On what, then, does it repose? Men write and write, and overlook the principal point. In Western Europe the peoples have lost Christ (Catholicism is to blame) and therefore Western Europe is tottering to its fall. Ideas have changed—how evidently! And the fall of the Papal power, together with that of the whole Romano-German world (France, etc.)—what a coincidence!"

These are not casual thoughts which Dostoevsky reserves for his letters. All his most ambitious novels seem to have been composed to demonstrate the futility of the human reason in constructing a scheme of life and to exhibit liberalism as one of its malignant diseases. The principal character in "Crime and Punishment" is a man who is betrayed into crime by an overweening pride of intellect and whose redemption is brought about in the end by the devout constancy of a pious and submissive girl. In "The Possessed" Dostoevsky set out in a spirit of intense fanaticism to expose the moral emptiness of all those figures who were identified with the protest to political despotism and to show that self-destruction was their logical doom. He speaks of it himself as a novel "with a purpose." And in that colossal fragment of what was to have been his profoundest message to his country, "The Brothers Karamazov," the positive tendency of his teachings stands out with unmistakable clearness. The most despicable and loathsome character in the story, Smerdiakov, is he commits suicide, like the people in "The Possessed." Ivan Karamazov, the rationalist, after suffering all the torments of a struggle with the divine idea, ends in madness. These are the negative forces at whose touch life withers and is blighted. The heroes are a Russian monk and his disciple, Alexei Karamazov, disembodied spirits representing the pure, simple faith of the Orthodox Church which alone can curb and control the seething turbulent passions of the Russian people.

This is the faith and philosophy of Dostoevsky. Through his spiritual ardor and his literary power, through his ability to infect the younger generation with a missionary enthusiasm, he has been a vital force in the propagation of the Orthodox Russian ideal. His sympathy with the common people in their sufferings, his participation in their ways of feeling and of thought, have given him a place apart from Turgenev and Tolstoy as the Russian of Russians. There can be no mistake about the thoroughness of his nationalism. He even shares the narrowest prejudices of his people. He hates the Poles, he hates the Jews, he scorns all Europeans, and most of all he despises the Germans. Is it any wonder, then, that the Procurator of the Holy Synod, the very same bigot Pobedonostsef, should have recognized in him a kindred nature? "In these times," he writes on the occasion of the novelist's death, "he was the very man for our cause. He cannot be replaced, for he stood entirely alone."

Viewed by themselves, Dostoevsky's doctrines perhaps convey no menace to the rest of the world. There is apparently nothing aggressive or militaristic in them. What harm can there be in permitting Russia to realize its own spiritual ideal along the path which it has selected? But the possible utilization of that teaching is betrayed in the sinister voice of the Holy Synod, "He was the very man for our cause." Through him the Russian nation is to be taught the cardinal virtue of obedience to the mandates of constituted authority, —for "the State is the Church"—and the wickedness of opposition and revolt. By means of the pliable instrument which his teaching is to fashion, the autocracy will subdue the recalcitrant elements in its present dominions and then, having swept on and clasped its brother Slavs in a bear-like embrace, it will enthrone itself in Constantinople, where it will pause for breath and meditate the continuation of its journey. Lest this should be supposed a too wilful or too fanciful imputation, I should like to quote an appreciative Russian critic, Merezhkovsky: "He was the first of us to feel and realize that Peter's Russia, 'pulled to her

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over an abyss' . . . Dostoevsky saw in the later years of his life where lies the new Russian capital. He quite clearly realized that Petersburg, the second capital of Russia, is merely a spectral and transitional capital. The third, imperial, and final Russian Rome will be Constantinople, and the Oecumenical Russian Cathedral the Church of St. Sophia."

Are we not justified in asking what there is in these dreams to inspire in England such a moonstruck homage? And what can Miss Rebecca West mean by saying that "Russia is to the young intellectuals of to-day what Italy was to the Victorians?" Is it nothing but another manifestation of the proneness of people to shut their eyes to what they do not wish to see? There is something amusingly fatuous in the indiscriminate admiration which the English have developed for things Slavic simultaneously with the growth of the German terror. The spectacle of Protestant England in love with the Orthodox Russia of Dostoevsky ought not to escape the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

JACOB ZEITLIN.

State or City Control of Schools?

THE morning newspapers of February twelfth reported briefly and with little comment a resolution which had just passed the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the city of New York, looking to a considerable extension of its powers. The resolution provided for the preparation of a bill to be acted upon by the state legislature, giving the Board of Estimate the power to determine the number of all city officers and employees paid from the city treasury and to fix their salaries. The point of the proposed bill is that it applies to the employees of the counties, courts and Department of Education, whose salaries are not now fixed by the Board. The action was taken only after a more radical and drastic proposition, giving the Board the power to eliminate and modify departments and bureaus, had been lost—the mayor and controller, however, both voting for it. The purpose of the proposed bill is to secure a greater measure of self-government to the city in the fundamental matter of control of the budget. At the present time a very considerable portion of city expenditure is imposed upon the Board by mandatory statutes.

Those who believe that many of the evils of our municipal government are due to an absurd division of responsibility brought about by state-imposed regulations will wish well to this measure. With respect to the control of educational policy —which inevitably goes with control of the purse-strings—the measure is, however, more revolutionary than at first sight appears. The question of the relation of the Board of Education to the state on the one hand, and to the municipality on the other, is about the most vexatious and the most unsettled of all our administrative questions —which is saying a good deal. The theory and the earlier school charters the Board had not only plenary control of educational expenditures, but also power to fix the amount to be spent. While the principle has since been modified, it has been, in the words of the Court of Appeals, "the settled policy of the state, from an early date, to divorce the business of public education from all other municipal interests or business, and to take charge of it as a peculiar and separate function through agents of its own selection and immediately subject and responsive to its control."

It so happens that the city of New York is amply endowed with literature on the subject of municipal control of school expenditures. The Committee on School Inquiry—popularly known as the Hanus Survey—evolved two reports on this topic. The first, prepared by Professor E. C. Moore, now professor of education in Harvard University, was not acceptable to the Board of Estimate. Its official censorship resulted in this particular report getting more newspaper publicity than any other document of the whole inquiry. Professor Goodnow, now president of Johns Hopkins University, and Mr. Howe, now Commissioner of Immigration, then prepared another report which stands as the official document. Mr. Moore warmly espoused the theory embodied in the words of the Court cited above. It happened—happened is, I think, an unusually exact word in this case—that the present school charter of the city is loosely drawn and contains inconsistent provisions. This has led to considerable friction between the Board of Estimate and the Board of Education. The former felt that the latter was trying to evade proper recognition of its subordination in fiscal matters. The latter felt that the former was invading its own proper domain. In view of the inconsistent statements of the charter, an unprejudiced out-

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charter one should attach the most importance.

The weight of educational history and of past political policy was undoubtedly, however, on the side of the Board of Education. Approaching the matter from this side and influenced by educational considerations rather than by those of city administration, Professor Moore took sides with the Board of Education and against his employers, the Board of Estimate. A former superintendent of schools in a Western city where he had made a gallant fight for the integrity of the educational system against the attacks of local politicians, he was especially sensitive to all the historic considerations which have made public education a ward of the state rather than of the municipality. He concluded that by gradual usurpations the schools were becoming "almost as completely annexed to the City Hall as they would have been if the proposed new charter had become the organic law of the city."

Mr. Goodnow and Mr. Howe approached the matter from the side of efficient city government rather than from that of general educational considerations. While their report is more reserved than Professor Moore's, their specific recommendations all looked to securing for the Board of Estimate more complete and responsible supervision of all funds paid for the schools out of the city treasury. So the case stands. The conflict is a real one, not only in fact but in the principles involved. The reasons advanced for regarding education as on a different footing from street-cleaning or police service are genuine and weighty. The dangers of injection into the public educational system of a petty and sordid kind of politics, in case the schools become in effect a city department, are not fanciful. Under an assured Tammany regime, for instance, one might imagine what would happen if the Board of Estimate could fix the number of school officials and employees and their salaries. One can imagine under any system what might happen if teachers, as great in number as they are in New York City, had a motive to organize politically with place and salary in view. But on the other hand it is difficult to see how a scientific budget control with efficiency of administration is to be secured if the municipal authorities cannot control the expenditure of the moneys which they have to raise by taxation and bonded debt.

It is easy to construct a mental picture of a situation in which the balance would fall heavily on the side of education as a state function under its complete control. Education is the concern of the whole of organized society in a way in which other governmental services (unless that of public tional experts—organize the information bearing on the best methods of administration and instruction, and put both experts and knowledge at the disposal of every community. It would be easier for the state than for a particular community to achieve a broad intellectual outlook, to free educational endeavor from the ruts and prejudices of local custom, to undertake well planned experiments, and to secure a progressively developing educational tradition. The state could look ahead, and act less from local pressure and more from the bidding of constructive intelligence. However, such statesmanship has not in the past been the characteristic feature of our state educational officials. New York State has a more centralized machinery for affecting the public schools than most other states, but its management has been largely in the hands of routineers who have been more interested in imposing mechanical uniformity, and in that kind of administrative efficiency denoted by reports and examinations, than in educational leadership. Our state boards of education have much to learn from the methods of the national and state agricultural officials in the way of stimulating local action and guiding it by expert help. In some Western states the state universities have rendered signal service, but their influence has been confined to the high schools.

The fact is, I think, that we have no experience which will enable us to decide conclusively in behalf of either state or local control. If the experiment of complete municipal control could be tried under favorable auspices, the result might be an immense furthering of the interests of the schools in all our larger municipalities. The difficulty with the present system is that it is in practice, whatever be the theory, an ill-digested mixture of both methods, with the same dispersion of power and responsibility and the same empirical puttering-along that marks our other civic governmental services. In at least eight or ten of the largest cities of the United States the development of playgrounds, recreation centers, public baths, child hygiene work, social centers, together with the general extension of "social service" activities on the part of the municipality, give good grounds quite apart from fiscal reasons for making the experiment of whole-hearted municipal control. The peculiar industrial conditions of large cities also demand freedom of educational action.

But the experiment, to have a fair chance, must be whole-hearted. The municipal authority must be plenary. However it may be with financial needs, educational requirements are not in the least met merely by conferring power upon the city au-

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mandatory provisions regarding the nature and powers of the educational administrators and even from statutory provisions, so far as possible, regarding the course of study. The chief objection—and it is a very serious one—to the action referred to in the opening paragraph is that it does not go far enough. It may aid in getting fiscal autonomy for the city, but it does not do the least thing for securing its educational autonomy. On the contrary, it increases the existing facilities for concealing responsibility and paralyzing initiative. If it becomes a law without further changes of the charter it will enable the Board of Education and the Board of Estimate endlessly to lay the blame for educational stagnation upon each other. It is an invitation to friction for which the children in the schools and the city itself will ultimately have to pay the penalties. It was reported in the press that Mr. McAneny, the author of the resolution adopted, objected to the more radical proposition to which reference has been made, that it involved changes so sweeping that they ought to be taken up only in connection with a general revision of the city charter. So far as the schools are concerned, the same objection applies to Mr. McAneny's own resolution. If complete fiscal control is to pass from the Board of Education as a separate corporation, by all means let us also provide for the freedom of the educational system and for bringing it into the closest possible touch with the other administrative agencies of the city.

I doubt if this can be accomplished without the abolition of the Board of Education in its existing form. All authorities are in favor of a great reduction in its size. Their imagination does not seem to have been adequate to conceiving it reduced to zero. But city boards of education are an anomaly at present. They are a monumental symbol of the haphazard way in which the enterprise of education is carried on, and of a fatal dispersion of initiative and direction. They are historic relics of a theory of state control which does not exist in fact. They are the middleman of our educational organization, and like the middleman in other fields they divide instead of bringing together. They are supposed to check and enlighten the professional wisdom of educational officers by bringing to bear the advice of other specialists and the general fund of municipal common sense. In small towns they render this service. In our large cities they have as much representative capacity as any other colossal accident. The Goodnow-Howe report expressly lays down as one reason why the Board of Estimate should have control over the school budget the fact that it would then and not a matter of established custom. In all important aspects the recommendation gave to the Board of Estimate the main functions of the Board of Education and yet retained the latter in corporeal existence.

The principle, as I have been trying to say, is the correct one, provided the Board of Estimate is to take complete control of school finance. But in the form in which it was presented it was not thought out. It properly involves the elimination of the Board of Education, and the establishment of a paid expert educational department, one member of which shall be a member of the Board of Estimate, and which shall be responsible for submitting educational policies to the Board of Estimate, with the facts and reasons upon which they rest, so far as they involve the expenditure of funds. The late Mayor Gaynor's proposal of a small paid board of education was a halfway step in this direction. But it contemplated the retention of the Board of Superintendents, thus continuing in intensified form the existing division of intellectual responsibility and the existing causes of friction. The Board of Superintendents should be the heads of the Educational Department of the city, and put it in direct and reciprocal touch with all departments through the body supremely concerned with municipal policy and planning. Will it prove easier to patch than to construct?

JOHN DEWEY.

A Vision of Spring

(Late Winter, 1915)

IN the night, at the sound of winter thunder,
As I brooded upon my wounded planet
From my country beyond the reddened waters,
All my thoughts were at once of spring returning.
Broken rain from the gulf upon my window
Passed down shadowy ways and there was silence.

Out of quietness light arose within me
Shedding luminous magic on the darkness;
Moon on moon from a cloud of vanished Aprils
Lit my heart with a dream of springs remembered.
Unborn beauty in flowers not yet risen
Waved before me in bright immortal pastures
Till alone of the year's four worlds of wonder
Spring seemed tender and I forgot the others.
Only spring could assuage my grieving planet
Scourged with graves of the young men darkly fallen
In long harrowing straightness on the meadows.
None seemed healing beside the blossom season;
When grass rises again (I thought) these furrows
Will lie hidden forever under beauty;
On each sleeper a loveliness arising
Soon shall cover his deep unwhispered trouble,
None will signal of anguish from these trenches,
None find sorrow among the roots of roses:

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So I longed for the time of apple blossoms,
All my dreams were upon the blowing lilacs.

But some whirlwind that held the winter's secret
Rose and lifting the frozen days as curtains
Showed me Time as an upper sky of crystal
Flushed with images yet to be reflected.

There past lightnings I saw the coming season
Fill with shapes of the things to be unfolded;
But no healing was there; I saw none solaced,
Saw no comfort uplifted by the snowdrop.
Nothing beautiful rose but close above it
Shadows thwarted its mercy for the gazer.

By the crocus and by the valley-lily
Stood the sorrowful, stood the broken-hearted.

There they drank who had thirsted from the autumn
Bitter widowings poured among the gardens.
By the rivers were trystings kept with ashes.
There I saw but I could not reach the children
Turned from happiness, looking to the trenches;
Saw them taste of the grindings of false anger,
Saw behind them the granite eyes of hunger,
Saw things terrible born among the roses.

All was barren as ever in the winter,
Earth embattled against the mourning heavens,
One star warring against the many lonely,
Nothing comforted, nothing unendangered.

And I thought that I heard the spring cry round me,
All about me the voice of springtime crying:
"I am barren, barren, for Love has left me,
I am nothing without his breath to warm me.
My beloved was mine among the lilies
Timeless dawnings before these heavens gathered.
There he found me and sealed me his with kisses,
There I gave him the worlds unstained, unwarring.
But earth's children, the wilful children scorned him
Whom I call and desire until the daybreak.
I fly sorrowful then until his coming,
I pour solace to none of all the mournful,
Till earth's children, the children sad receive him.
I have sorrow, sorrow, till Love's returning."

Then at last from a deep behind the whirlwind
One still wisdom arose and shook my spirit
And I knew, if the golden spring comes loveless,
Earth shall moan but the bitter moons flow empty.

Though old mockeries plant the thorny truces,
All the fruitage of steel repose has fallen.
Love comes weaponless, all-forgiving, tender,
Olive-filleted for the peace enduring.

O, that endlessly earth would stream the heavens
With one music of all-assenting welcome.
Strong, miraculous then would spring reveal him,
Swift Love walking on wavings of the crocus,
Holding tenderly, holding safe the broken.

Dove-low waters among the kindled willows
Then would lift to anoint a dust unsaddened,
Piercing cries of the spirit from the marshes
Melt with chorusings sweet upon the hillsides,
Harplike mysteries called through glowing orchards,
Shy, invisible laughters from the thickets.
All that uttered the dream while earth turned heedless
Then with freshets of song would cool its fever.

Unbelievably then would Love inhabit
All green places within the heart, outpouring
Spring with thunder of all her myriad fountains
In one cup for the healing of the nations.
Till in visionings all, as on a mountain,
Would with trembling above the fallen blindness
Look on Love and discern him as the sunlight,
Rayed with dreams, and above the treading glory
Out of opening heavens the dove descending.

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

A COMMUNICATION

England in Wartime

SIR: Perhaps I should never have strung myself up to put together these few remarks but for the fact that THE NEW REPUBLIC has been publishing some rather peevish English communications about the war which have roused a spirit of contradiction in me because they reflect anything but the present state of feeling in England.

The war has brought about a great change in the relations between Great Britain and the United States. It is important that we should understand to what it is due. It is not that there has been any rift in our century-old friendship, or that we are either of us in danger of forgetting the great political ideal which we share in common —the cause of free government. Englishmen understand and appreciate American sympathy, and know very well that, whatever may or must be said by those in authority, "every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." No, the change in our relations is simply due to the fact that we on this side are living through a crisis in his life, some great happiness or bereavement which the other, through distance and lack of imagination, is unable to share. The friend at a distance goes on the even tenor of his way, sending letters across as usual. But his easy every-day temper, his preoccupation about the details of life, his small-talk, his intolerably incongruous jokes, breaking in upon a serious mood of which he was blissfully unconscious, cannot help causing something of a jar. It is nobody's fault. The Atlantic is between us, and nobody, not even the Germans—though they are trying very hard—can get over the facts of geography. In time of peace the English Channel is broader than the Atlantic. Europe ends at Calais and Ostend, and the great free spacious outer world begins. But in time of war it is not common culture but common citizenship that tells. In 1861-4 we could not share your feelings or understand the significance of the struggle which saved the American commonwealth from disruption and enabled it to become what it is to-day—the largest organized peace society in the world. To-day it is your turn to be spectators. Can-

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century, and in the Monroe Doctrine you formally disclaimed responsibility for the cause of freedom in Europe. Monroe could not predict the European invasion of the last twenty years or the responsibilities that it would entail upon you in training the peoples of southern and eastern Europe in the arts of self-government. Those who know the nature and extent of the problems with which you are now manfully grappling in this quarter (and most Englishmen alas! are as ignorant of your problems as you are of some of ours) will be the first to understand why American statesmen are disinclined to assume further responsibilities either in Mexico or in Europe.

And now about England? Not being an Englishman by race I feel the freer to describe her. It is impossible to say in a short article what England is like at this moment. England is just English—far more English than anyone now living has ever seen her before. She is in fact exactly what she has been in every great crisis of her history as far back as her records go, since the time, that is, some seven centuries ago, when English nationality became a fixed and definite thing. England in ordinary times is a country where men are apt to be easygoing, inert and half awake, living at low pressure and with a great reserve of power and energy; where men, at least since Puritan days, have been half ashamed to feel that they were alive, a little shy of enjoying the thrill and excitement which form so pervading an element in transatlantic life. To-day the sleeping lion is stretching his limbs and experiencing the unwonted sensation of stern and serious and yet congenial activity. The enemy has challenged him on his own ground. After years of lazy doubt as to whether the challenge could be really meant, and after some harrowing and conscientious weeks of suspended judgment as to whether it was really right for him to use his strength, he has plunged into the fray with all his old time vigor.

For the English are and always have been a fighting people, just as the Germans have always been a philosophic people, writing books about militarism and the Will-to-Power, while the English were indulging their spirit of enterprise in various parts of the world and honestly trying to find useful or at the worst harmless outlets for their adventurous instincts. At last the long period of restlessness and ennui is over. England to-day is exactly what she was at the time of Creçy, of Agincourt, of Elizabeth, of Marlborough, of Pitt and Napoleon. Kitchener's army, with its strange medley of types, its boisterous humor, its cheerful and inconsequent snatches of song and its desperate hard-working underlying seriousness, might have walked straight out of Shakespeare's "Henry V." At last Englishmen have something to do which is really worth while, something that everybody irrespective of class and rank can put his heart into. It has given a wonderful stimulus to life. As a lackadaisical friend of mine, who is now being worked unheard of hours, Sundays and weekdays, in a government office, remarked to me the other day, "This war just makes the difference between having to be pulled out of bed and jumping out with a feeling of zest." Even the non-combatants, the old and the infirm, have caught the infection, thanks partly to the consideration of the enemy in allowing them also their small share of the thrill of universal myths than, as Dr. Bailey seems to assume, in useless, a mere encumbrance to their country; but a kind enemy has set them in the firing-line and given them new life by making them feel that they too have a responsibility to bear themselves bravely at the moment of danger. Fortunately Englishmen are not self-conscious, else they would no doubt be very much ashamed to realize how much, in spite of anxieties manifold and not a few bereavements, they are actually enjoying the privilege of living through this historic time.

To the mass of the English working-class, caged in monotonous occupation since the industrial revolution of a hundred years ago, the war has opened the door to a land of promise. Kitchener's army, which provides change, variety, good food, and work that is easy because it is worth doing, in healthy surroundings, is the best education that this country has ever yet provided for its workers. It has already worked a social revolution. If some great giant had stirred the stagnant pool of English life with a titanic ladle, he could not have done more to transform our social relations than voluntary enlistment has achieved during the last six months. What will be the effect of the new armies upon the fortune of English democracy it is too early to predict. But one thing is certain. Thousands and tens of thousands of men have found their way out of the groove which bounded their little life and will never relapse into it. Having discovered what it is like to be really well, really enjoying their work, really doing something that is worth while, they will begin to use their minds in the same healthy vigorous way in which they are now using their bodies; and then we shall see changes. Somewhere in the ranks of the new army the English labor leaders of to-morrow and the Ministers of the day after to-morrow are serving their apprenticeship.

ALFRED ZIMMERN.

London, February.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Freudian Theory

SIR: Dr. Pearce Bailey's sympathetic review of Dr. Otto Rank's study of hero myths in the last number of THE NEW REPUBLIC marks the beginning of a change in the current attitude towards the Freudian psychology. Now that gross abuse of Freud is no longer considered altogether good form in neurological and psychological circles, such an appreciation from a man of Dr. Bailey's standing is particularly gratifying.

But in the midst of the review there is a return to the old attitude which claims that everything in Freud's work is good except the specifically Freudian contributions, and accepts Freud's results while denying the theory of which these results are the fruit. Dr. Bailey says that Freudians "make symbols mean what they like," that their dream interpretations "suggest revelation rather than science." This amounts to rejecting Freud's theory of dreams, and contradicts Dr. Bailey's praise of Dr. Rank's study. For Dr. Rank is much more intent upon proving the universality of the Oedipus complex in the racial consciousness (or rather unconsciousness) by showing how it has expressed itself in

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ginning of his argument. And the Oedipus complex has been deduced not from the classic Oedipus myth, which was available to every psychologist, but through Freud's new interpretation of dreams and dream symbols.

If Freudians can really "make symbols mean what they like," to suit their purpose or their theory, then we have every right to distrust their other deductions. What we cannot do is to reject and accept as we please; the data represented are much too intricate for that, and fact and theory inevitably involve each other. Yet that is what is being done every day in the current criticisms of Freud. The theory of the interpretation of dreams and symbols, the theory of unconscious psychic mechanisms, and the psychosexual theory, are fundamental in the Freudian psychology. Take them away and there is nothing left of Freud except a few happy accidents of truth on which even the most fantastic theorists sometimes stumble. It is around these theories that the critical discussion must center. They have been built up upon the basis of empirically gathered facts, and have in turn led to the interpretation of other phenomena. A critic cannot arbitrarily accept some of these facts, dismiss the theory to which they have been related, and produce no other theory which will account for them at least as well. We should not think much of a scientist who congratulated Darwin on his vast accumulation of facts but deplored his apparent obsession about making everything evolve.

Dr. Bailey deplores the fact that Freudians "admit no constant standard for the symbols found in dreaming; although these symbols are indispensable to the method." He would evidently prefer to have a definite meaning attached to each dream symbol, and would look upon such standardization as a closer proximate to the ideal of a true science. It was probably the fact that Freudians sometimes make the same symbol stand for two or three different things which lead him into the irritated statement that they "make symbols mean what they like." His criticism is based upon what in this connection is a false ideal of scientific accuracy. A standardization of dream symbols, far from being more scientific, would soon become the greatest obstruction to a true interpretation of dreams. There has already long existed a dream theory in which such standardization has been carried to a fatal perfection. In the ten-cent dream books which seem to form the favorite studies of housemaids, every appearance and event of dream life is strictly accounted for and dreams are interpreted by the simple method of reading over their already printed meaning.

What these mechanical dream books ignore and what Dr. Bailey tends to disregard is that all dream manifestations are extremely fluid and elusive. The number of dream symbols that have one exclusive meaning is really very limited. Only in the rarest cases can it be said offhand that the symbols in a person's dream mean one and only one thing. It must first be ascertained whether a recurrent symbol is typical of the dreamer's thought; sameness is here often merely generic or residual, so that the typical meaning is embroidered with an individual significance which determines the interpretation in that particular case. A stick may be a phallic symbol as well as a symbol of authority, and one of these meanings may be more important than the other. In this there is no contradiction.

Even when a symbol has been correctly interpreted in an analysis it may undergo a certain degree of variation. For it is in the nature of the dream to disguise its meaning to the dreamer so that a symbol that has become too obvious may change its meaning. In every case the [illegible] tained. If there is no progress in the analysis or if the person analyzed quietly rejects the analyzer's interpretation, we may be sure that the dream symbols have not been understood. There are, of course, many false analyses. But Freud should not be held responsible either for unskilled interpreters or for the fact that man's psychic life shows as infinite variety as our prosaic thumb-prints.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

New York City.

A Contribution Criticised

SIR: Allow me to address a word of caution to your readers apropos of the latest apology for war embodied in Mrs. Parsons' article, "On the Loose."

I do not want to impugn the right of any of us who lead sheltered lives to spin pretty romances in which the hardship of war seems not only tolerable but "alluring." Nor am I prepared to dispute the contention that war must be a great relief to those who are oppressed with the insufferable boredom of having three meals every day, of continually seeing the members of their family unmaimed, and so on. What I wish to call to the attention of your readers is the fact that though Mrs. Parsons is widely known as a sociologist and as the author of supposedly scientific books, the article referred to is doubtless not intended as an example of scientific method. To be sure, Mrs. Parsons refers to the Australian Blackfellow, and this, as I know, carries with it as much authority nowadays as a reference to the lives of the saints did some years ago. Nevertheless I still think that Mrs. Parsons was indulging in a pretty literary play of the imagination, rather than trying to picture plain scientific truth. How else are we to explain the fact that on the same page war is spoken of as an enjoyable emotional "bust," "alike for those who go and for those who stay at home," and then, that the hardships of war are "for non-combatants more intolerable?"

Indeed, Mrs. Parsons or some one else might have maintained the exact opposite of every one of her main contentions, with equal grace and plausibility. Mrs. Parsons claims that those whose lives are most monotonous have the greatest incentive to "go on a tear." With an equal show of truth she might have maintained that men who work regularly do not go on a drunk as often and as violently as the men whose work is irregular, the men without a steady job, or the men who do not need any jobs. Mrs. Parsons says: "Women do not go on 'busts' like men—perhaps because they are comparatively incapable or unused to steady, protracted effort." But would it not sound just as plausible to say that woman's, or most women's, work is less varied and more monotonous than men's? Or that the hard-working wife of a laborer does not go on a "bust" as often as the lady possessed of greater leisure?

As for the class of men who visit prostitutes, scientific information is doubtless not claimed by any one.

My friends the scientific anthropologists assure me that most of the stuff printed about savage life is based on the general impressions of untrained observers whose descriptions are just about as reliable as most tourists' accounts of our own East Side.

We may therefore still continue to believe the testimony of Gen. Sherman that war is the exact opposite of Paradise. Though not a scientific or literary gentleman, he had some actual experience with the business. And if

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to the conclusion that "war is one per cent glory and ninety-nine per cent diarrhoea."

PHILONOUS.

New York City.

As to Mr. Root

SIR: Your Root editorial, while admirable in many respects, makes some very easy, cock-sure generalizations to which I am very much constrained to reply.

First, your rather provincial assumption that because Mr. Root has not written about the factories and the slums he has no creative imagination. It is often said of people that they have no imagination, but in fact imagination of some sort and in some degree is a universal human possession. But imagination may be riotous, or it may be splendidly disciplined, or merely unused.

Among those who do write about factories and slums exists very much riotous imagination, for at no time is imagination so free-handed as when emotions are called into play. Imagination is a most subtle thing in its higher refinements, and perhaps its highest refinement is outside the emotional and aesthetic sphere altogether, in the intellectual sphere and in science (where it is popularly supposed to have no place whatever).

It was once said of Mr. Root by one of his clients that he was the only lawyer who was able to tell him what he *could* do, rather than the usual lawyerly advice as to what he could *not* do. In this tribute and in many of Mr. Root's public services he has displayed the same high-grade intellectual type of creation in which an imagination was certainly used, but in splendidly disciplined form.

We need all types of imagination, and the type of editorial mind behind THE NEW REPUBLIC too often yields to the temptation to assume smug superiority over types of mind different and more specialized than itself.

Lastly, Mr. Root's remark about individualism was, I believe, narrowly interpreted, for to speak of individualism is not necessarily to forget that modern individualism must include a social conscience. An increased socialization of the common needs of humanity is in fact merely providing a basis for an inevitably wider individualism.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK.

Douglas Manor, N.Y.

Urges Tranquillity

SIR: May a few obtrusive "passivists" file a plea apropos of the determination of Col. T. Roosevelt and his four sons to join the Legion for the Protection of our United States? We are Friends, but not yet of the clan of St. Francis, and so we feel that our plea may be styled practical. It is a plea against taking fright at the European peril. We have passed, we hope, one fear—peculiarly instinctive in Congress—that of an unarmed United States. And now we have the fear of an unmanned Ship of State—and the Legion comes to life. What will be the next manifestation of our trembling?

The present war will stop and our tremblings be forgotten, and then the query—where was the United States in the war? Did she lose her head in this flurry or in that, or did she as a nation drive home one big idea throughout the whole jumble—that the United States stood by her professions of peace even though it looked undignified at times? Shortsighted statesmen would have [illegible] now by sending a the western hemisphere now by extending our helping hand in Mexico. And these same shortsighted statesmen would have us deal out protests to the world to show the future the dignity of a neutral democracy. *Laissez-faire* and a close mouth with regard to the running of the European war, a quietus upon our own fears, and a calm consideration of the future, is the substance of our plea.

ROY OGDEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

Against "The Control of Births."

SIR: Your argument for the control of births commands respect, as do most of your opinions, through its evident integrity of motive and the courageously sincere effort at some human solution of human problems that dignifies it. Yet it is founded upon an assumption which is repugnant to many, and I think, unworthy of you. It follows the premise that man is first and last an animal, and that his chief instinct—the animal impulse toward reproduction—must be not only permitted but encouraged. Or rather that the sexual instinct is to be considered in itself an end.

If, as you and others hold to-day, society is so to arrange itself as to permit sexual intercourse without the natural result which is the one end of and only justification for such intercourse, our civilization will seem to have returned, indeed, not to the animal plane from which it has progressed, but to one still lower. For even animals feel the urge of desire and permit its gratification only at those seasons which nature has decreed propitious for the bearing of young.

The old idea of the necessity of indulging man's passional nature is passing. We are learning to-day that this necessity is a myth; that man may and should be as continent as woman; that far from devitalizing him, the control of his sex impulses—for various physiological reasons—results in renewed vigor and strength.

There is but one object for sexual intercourse—the creation of new and healthy human beings. To remove this object is to reduce the relation of men and women to one of simple lust. The fact that this condition exists among the "well-to-do and educated" is no argument for helping to spread it among the "poor."

By all means let us have fewer and better children. But let us try to do it through a different sort of education—both of poor and well-to-do. Instruction which is designed to help a human being to clearer self-knowledge and better self-control, to a realization of his relation to succeeding generations, is essentially constructive and cumulative in effect. The results of spreading a knowledge of the methods of avoiding conception cannot, in the long run, compare with the moral and spiritual as well as physical and economic results of a widespread and systematic and sustained effort to arouse in men an understanding of sex impulses and a realization of their power to control them.

Among the people from whom THE NEW REPUBLIC would lift the burden of unwanted and unfit children, the men are for the most part responsible for conditions unspeakable. They are unawakened, uncontrolled, animal. THE NEW REPUBLIC's remedy leaves them no less animal. It is by arguments such as this for control of births that marriage—in a growing proportion of the community—has been degraded from the highest of human relations to a condition of legalized vice.

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Brotherly Love

The Birth of a Nation, a motion picture drama in two acts, founded on Thomas Dixon's story, The Clansman. Presented at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

IF history bore no relation to life, this motion picture drama could well be reviewed and applauded as a spectacle. As a spectacle it is stupendous. It lasts three hours, represents a staggering investment of time and money, reproduces entire battle scenes and complex historic events, amazes even when it wearies by its attempt to encompass the Civil War. But since history does bear on social behavior, "The Birth of a Nation" cannot be reviewed simply as a spectacle. It is more than a spectacle. It is an interpretation, the Rev. Thomas Dixon's interpretation, of the relations of the North and South and their bearing on the negro.

Were the Rev. Thomas Dixon a representative white Southerner, no one could criticize him for giving his own version of the Civil War and the Reconstruction period that followed. If he possessed the typical Southern attitude, the paternalistic, it would be futile to read a lecture on it. Seen from afar, such an attitude might be deemed reactionary, but at any rate it is usually genial and humane and protective, and because it has experience back of it, it has to be met with some respect. But the attitude which Mr. Dixon possesses and the one for which he forges corroboration in history is a perversion due largely to his personal temperament. So far as I can judge from this film, as well as from my recollection of Mr. Dixon's books, his is the sort of disposition that foments a great deal of the trouble in civilization. Sometimes in the clinical laboratory the doctors are reputed to perform an operation on a dog so that he loses the power to restrain certain motor activities. If he is started running in a cage, the legend goes, he keeps on running incessantly, and nothing can stop him but to hit him on the head with a club. There is a quality about everything Mr. Dixon has done that reminds me of this abnormal dog. At a remote period of his existence it is possible that he possessed a rudimentary faculty of self-analysis. But before that faculty developed he crystallized in his prejudices, and forever it was stunted. Since that time, whenever he has been stimulated by any of the ordinary emotions, by religion or by patriotism or by sex, he has responded with a frantic intensity. Energetic by nature, the forces that impel him are doubly violent because of this lack of inhibition. Aware as a clergyman that such violence is excessive, he has learned in all his melodramas to give them a highly moral twang. If one of his heroes is about to do something peculiarly loathsome, Mr. Dixon thrusts a crucifix in his hand and has him roll his eyes to heaven. In this way the very basest impulses are given the sanction of godliness, and Mr. Dixon preserves his own respect and the respect of such people as go by the label and not by the rot-gut they consume.

In "The Birth of a Nation" Mr. Dixon protests sanctimoniously that his drama "is not meant to reflect in any way on any race or people of to-day." And then he proceeds to give to the negro a kind of malignity that is really a revelation of his own malignity.

Passing over the initial gibe at the negro's smell, we early come to a negrophile senator whose mistress is a mulatto. As conceived by Mr. Dixon and as acted in the film, this mulatto is not only a minister to the sen- equality," she is soon partnered by a male mulatto of similar brute characteristics. Having established this triple alliance between the "uncrowned king," his diabolic colored mistress and his diabolic colored ally, Mr. Dixon shows the revolting processes by which the white South is crushed "under the heel of the black South." "Sowing the wind," he calls it. On the one hand we have "the poor bruised heart" of the white South, on the other "the new citizens inflamed by the growing sense of power." We see negroes shoving white men off the sidewalk, negroes quitting work to dance, negroes beating a crippled old white patriarch, negroes slinging up "faithful colored servants" and flogging them till they drop, negro courtesans guzzling champagne with the would-be head of the Black Empire, negroes "drunk with wine and power," negroes mocking their white master in chains, negroes "crazy with joy" and terrorizing all the whites in South Carolina. We see the blacks flaunting placards demanding "equal marriage." We see the black leader demanding a "forced marriage" with an imprisoned and gagged white girl. And we see continually in the background the white Southerner in "agony of soul over the degradation and ruin of his people."

Encouraged by the black leader, we see Gus the renegade hover about another young white girl's home. To hoochy-coochy music we see the long pursuit of the innocent white girl by this lust-maddened negro, and we see her fling herself to death from a precipice, carrying her honor through "the opal gates of death."

Having painted this insanely apprehensive picture of an unbridled, bestial, horrible race, relieved only by a few touches of low comedy, "the grim reaping begins." We see the operations of the Ku Klux Klan, "the organization that saved the South from the anarchy of black rule." We see Federals and Confederates uniting in a Holy War "in defence of their Aryan birthright," whatever that is. We see the negroes driven back, beaten, killed. The drama winds up with a suggestion of "Lincoln's solution" —back to Liberia—and then, if you please, with a film representing Jesus Christ in "the halls of brotherly love."

My objection to this drama is based partly on the tendency of the pictures but mainly on the animus of the printed lines I have quoted. The effect of these lines, reinforced by adroit quotations from Woodrow Wilson and repeated assurances of impartiality and goodwill, is to arouse in the audience a strong sense of the evil possibilities of the negro and the extreme propriety and godliness of the Ku Klux Klan. So strong is this impression that the audience invariably applauds the refusal of the white hero to shake hands with a negro, and under the circumstances it cannot be blamed. Mr. Dixon has identified the negro with cruelty, superstition, insolence and lust.

We know what a yellow journalist is. He is not yellow because he reports crimes of violence. He is yellow because he distorts them. In the region of history the Rev. Thomas Dixon corresponds to the yellow journalist. He is a clergyman, but he is a yellow clergyman. He is yellow because he recklessly distorts negro crimes, gives them a disproportionate place in life, and colors them dishonestly to inflame the ignorant and the credulous. And he is especially yellow, and quite disgustingly and contemptibly yellow, because his perversions are cunningly calculated to flatter the white man and provoke hatred and contempt for the negro.

Whatever happened during Reconstruction, this film is aggressively vicious and defamatory. It is spiritual as-

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Books and Things

BE careful what you desire in youth, said Goethe, for in old age you will get it. Be still more careful, so one thinks after reading Arthur Schnitzler's "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn," what you desire to-day unconsciously, for to-morrow you may get it, and the price you pay for it will be the defeat and ruin of everything you consciously desired. Our morality having taught us that certain desires are not to be acknowledged, even to ourselves, we keep them in our unconsciousness, where they lie in ambush. A morality less superstitious, to which ends mattered more than means, would have bidden us do our utmost to become conscious of the ambushed desire, to avow the unavowable, to give the nameless its exactest name. Some of the worst moral defeats are victories of the unconscious over the conscious. Moral victories, no less than mental, may be the reward of men and women who have taught things hidden in their unconsciousness to serve ends their will has consciously chosen.

Although "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn," which I read for the first time the other day, is Schnitzler's newest book, it is already a year or more old. It is a story about as long as "Sterben," one of his earliest masterpieces. Sophocles, when he treated the Oedipus and Jocasta story, hid from them the fact that they were mother and son. From Beate and her son Hugo Schnitzler keeps nothing but the fact that they are in love. This they do not learn until the very end, when it is revealed to them in darkness and flame, terribly, though not at the same moment, nor by quite the same means. Slowly, by slight suggestion after slighter, you grow aware of the passion Beate is still unconscious of. She tragically misinterprets her feeling and her son's. Accompanying this central misinterpretation, playing into it, disengaging themselves from it, joining it again, lesser misinterpretations are born and live and are lost. When the number of Beate's desirers increases about her, she in good faith explains the increase by some peculiarity in the air of an unusual autumn. She does not know the cause is a longing she has, which looks out of her eyes and makes her gestures subtly obedient to its rhythm. She imputes her own state of mind, not knowing it for hers, and her imputations turn into realities. A desire she was unconscious of, which she would have done her best to extirpate if only she had become conscious of it early enough, which every other feeling in her would have fought against if it had come earlier into the light of consciousness, fulfils her tragedy.

In 1902, when Schnitzler's "Lebendige Stunden" had just been given at the Carl-Theater in Vienna, Hermann Bahr wrote: "Aber nun kommt das Publikum und verlangt, dass wir ihm sagen sollen, was der Dichter denn mit diesen Stücken sagen will. Darauf ist zu antworten: Wenn wir es könnten, wäre er keiner." A year later, when a revival of these one-act plays gave Bahr a chance to return to the subject, he quoted Hebbel: "Wehe dem Dichter, dessen Werk man in gemeinen Verstande kopieren kann. Er ist entweder nichts oder hat wenigstens nichts gemacht." Anything by Schnitzler that I read for the first time, whether novel, shorter story or play, gives me the feeling which Hebbel and Bahr have put into words. In Schnitzler the language is nearly always quite simple. Impossible not to understand, except when your German fails you, what he is saying at any given moment. Impossible not to see what he has made for you through such intricate ravines, that you have seen the beginnings of many other paths, leading toward darker strangenesses. You have been in the deep woods, along the borderland between conscious and unconscious. From little clearings you have looked into darker regions where the light is drowned. You have been listening to fainter sounds between the louder.

A book like "Frau Beate," if we let it alone in our minds for a while after reading it, sharpens our observation of the contrast and cooperation, in ourselves and in other people, of conscious motives with unconscious. Happily for the world most of the unconscious motives we catch in the act are inadequate to tragedy. They are small things. They lead the egotist to talk of himself while believing that autobiography is only a by-product of his talk; lead him to judge others by what they have done and himself by what he is going to do one of these days; lead him to warm himself before praise from persons whose facility in praising he has often laughed at; lead him to assume that friends have him in mind when they are really thinking only of God. It is not often, however, that Schnitzler gives us anything so explicit to take with us from his world to ours. Seldom does he allow us to see the comedy in mortal things as a complement of their tragedy. In many of his books comedy and tragedy are perceived at almost the same moment.

Nobody puts his tragic touches and his comic touches nearer together than Schnitzler. Nobody is abler to keep the one kind from lessening the feeling created by the other. For examples of this art we must go not to "Frau Beate," but to some of his plays, say to "Komtesse Mizzi." It begins when Count Arpad, an elderly man, is losing by her marriage his mistress, an actress he has been living with for seventeen years. Count Arpad is very diverting, yet Schnitzler never lets us see him as merely absurd. Mizzi, the Count's daughter, is thirty-seven. With her entrance into the story we begin to see, past the adroit and amusing dialogue, a tragic background. Eighteen years ago Mizzi and Prince Egon were lovers. We see the hunting lodge, "forgotten in a forest glade and secret from the eyes of all," where their boy was born. Prince Egon's wife was alive then, and the secret was well kept. But at what a cost! Mizzi was willing to run away with Egon, but he would not. And because her boy was taken from her, in spite of all she was ready to do to keep him, she has refused to see him in these seventeen years. He thinks his mother is dead. To-day, without warning, Egon brings the boy to see Mizzi.

We should all know what to expect from such a situation, provided we did not know Schnitzler. Either the present would turn as tragic as the past, or else we should have a final scene of forgiving and forgetting. What we do see is naturally neither. The amusing dialogue goes on, more amusing than ever, quicker with comedy, and the tragic background that lies beyond it, in the past, takes more and more significant possession of our imagination. One who had read an outline of "Komtesse Mizzi," and who didn't otherwise know the play, would say it ended happily; for Mizzi is so unwilling to be separated from her son that she is willing even to marry his father. But readers or hearers of the play are not so deceived. Schnitzler has drawn away too many curtains. He leaves us wondering what a hap-

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Epic New York

The Harbor, a novel, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.

A MILLION novels could be written about New York, and even granting that the novel was to embrace that heroic theme, the efforts of a brave soul to effect a large adjustment to his environment, those efforts might be infinitely varied. The struggles of an actress to reach Broadway; the desperate effort of an ethnographic professor to twist Columbia to his great purposes; the conflict of a radical lawyer with the Bar Association, the judiciary and corporate wealth; the labors of a mayor in municipal politics; the insurgence of a psychiatrist in the medical profession; the campaigns of a great editor; the development of a leader in the woman movement; the fight of a tax reformer, a leader of immigrants, an apostle of Greek dancing, a cultivator of national music—any of these subjects might conceivably become a narrative of epic character. The essential is not that the subject be grandiose. All that is needed is an incorrigible ideal sufficient to give the heroic spirit exercise.

But in an epic symbol there is inspiration not only for the reader but for the writer himself. If the unity which it confers is just, it gives to inchoate life a beautiful intelligibility. It breathes soul into an environment which, before it was perceived, was cold inanimate clay. The chief triumph of Mr. Ernest Poole in this novel of contemporary New York is not, therefore, that he has interpreted a human being seeking a large adjustment to his environment, but that he has seized on a symbol for that environment which is a veritable Aeolian harp on which all the winds of fancy and all the "winds of doctrine" play with a music reverberant and true.

It is as a narrative of modern moral experience that "The Harbor" is significant, and it is natural that, being a radical, Mr. Poole should have given this experience a social cast. But the charm of "The Harbor" is the naturalness with which the character of modern social relations is developed. Had Mr. Poole succumbed to the ordinary temptation of radical novelists, he would have begun with a full-blown radical, and got nowhere. But instead he begins with an ordinary Brooklyn home, portrayed with old-fashioned simplicity. The father is, on the surface, a dull elderly man in the docking business whose favorite is his lively daughter, the mother a woman of schoolmistress fineness whose favorite is her quiet, high-strung son. It is first as a symbol of boyish adventure and then as a symbol of his father's grim business preoccupation that the harbor becomes real to Billy. Like his mother he comes to hate it, and even after meeting the uncouth radical, Joe Kramer, at college he sees nothing better in it than a subject to be treated with the de Maupassant picturesqueness to which he so ardently aspires.

At college Billy shared with Joe Kramer the sense of the unreality of American college-boy preoccupations, standards and ideals. But when he went to Paris for a year, with the sympathy of his mother, he did so with ideas totally at variance with Joe Kramer's. Kramer was interested in the Russian revolution, in the working class, in wages, in unions; Billy in the art of literature, in form, in style. And when on his mother's death and his father's failure he was flung into journalism in New York, he turned to describe the familiar harbor life in the spirit of the Gallic aesthete. The unsatisfying nature of this approach to American re- disaffections that inhere in American life itself, and not in any doctrine of the author's.

And then Billy begins to meet the "revoluters" with whom his sister Sue is running around, and the efficiency engineer who is the father of the girl to whom he is most attracted. To please this girl Billy throws himself heart and soul into a study of the harbor, and the more he goes into it the more he becomes possessed of the ideal of efficiency. So effectively does Mr. Poole suggest the charm of Eleanore, the engineer's daughter, that the semi-religious zeal with which Billy masters his study of harbor life seems perfectly natural. On the basis of this common interest in her father's ideal, these two young Americans develop a complete and beautiful relation. It is not entirely possible to believe in the engineer's "abounding reserve of force deep down under his quiet," but by the quality of the love relation it is impossible not to be genuinely moved.

From associating with the planner of an efficient New York harbor, Billy goes on to meet and interpret most of the "makers" of successful America. After his hard initial struggle, he comes in a short time to be one of the best of a certain type of expert journalist. The old meticulous notions of Paris are outlived. He feels what he writes about, and both he and his wife glow with the same aspirations as her father. Then Joe Kramer comes back into their life. He is heralded by Billy's sister, who lives in the thick of radicalism and says to the married couple: "You two have built up a wall of contentment around you a person couldn't break through with an axe." Joe Kramer lives by the harbor, but his life is with the men who stoke and load the ships, not to the companies who profit by them. At first he is sullen with Billy. They live in different worlds. But in time he permits Billy to learn the existence he has been leading, his two years as a stoker on ships all over the world. For the first time a question as to the efficiency of efficiency breaks in on Billy. When his wife learns his unsettled mind she seeks, instead of repressing it, to have him go deep into its cause. Through Joe Kramer they meet Jim Marsh, the notorious labor leader, and through Jim Marsh numbers of the workers who are already gathering themselves into that ninth wave of discontent that breaks into a strike. This new experience brings with it great inquietude in both Billy and Eleanore. They are driven to transvalue all the values of their bright, clear, shining, successful American life. And in the midst of their questionings the strike is called and they are whirled into it.

It is really for this last phase of the harbor, its proletarian aspect, that "The Harbor" appears to be written, and just as Mr. Poole brings home that aspect to Billy, so he brings it home to the reader. The strike is described with extraordinary vividness and feeling. Apparently afflicted with American reticence in regard to personal life, or perhaps incurious about it, Mr. Poole has no difficulty whatever in interpreting in brave and flashing terms the warfare of the classes on the river front of New York. The strength of the proletaire and its violent weakness are both imaginatively described. The real meaning of the arrival of the scabs, the real meaning of the departure of the first ship loaded by scab labor, are revealed in terms the very reverse of doctrinal. And when the state lays its hand on the collar of Joe Kramer and Jim Marsh there is nothing forced about the emotion which that inevitable tragedy excites.

It is exciting, on account of the face which New York turns to the rest of America, to find Mr. Poole discerning in her all the problems that possess the radicals elsewhere

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domestic. She may seem enviable at times, but down in its navel, the seat of wisdom, America feels New York to be giddy, light, meretricious. All through the progressive Middle West this idea is nourished. Brilliant, but a courtesan, this empire city by the sea. And yet when Ernest Poole pours into this novel all that New York has meant to him he has not one word to say of the salamanders, the tango dancers, the spenders from Pittsburgh, the jewelled ladies at opera, the sports who greet the milkman on Broadway. Even in New York he discovers the problem of his country and his age, as well as the eternal quest of the Grail.

Less complicated in psychology than life is, "The Harbor" is too purposeful to be quite satisfactory as art. But its purpose is full of thrilling and beautiful quality, its action unforgettably graphic, its perceptions warm and magnanimous. He liberates our finest sympathies by possessing fine sympathy of his own.

A Source of Lawlessness

Boyhood and Lawlessness, Anon.; The Neglected Girl, by Ruth S. True. (West Side Studies.) New York: Survey Associates, Inc. $2.00 net.

CRITICISM is invading the fields of charity and benevolence. The itinerant amateur sociologist, dealing in impressions, notes, statistics, attaining fine artistic heights of indignation or gloomy depths of efficiency, may hear the striking of his hour of doom. The first notes of it are these two studies, parts of a larger study which it was planned to make of the Middle West Side—the district bordering upon the Hudson River between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-fourth streets, which presents some of New York's most acute social problems. Partial portraits though they are, they illuminate the entire field. The investigations were conducted with scrupulous fidelity in the attribution of causes to effects and a fine regard for personality and human terms. The volume would be proof, if proof were necessary, that the imaginative mind can present scientific data with all the force of art.

The quarter of the city whose human product the authors examined is a grim relict of unequal urban growth. Its history trails into the courtroom, penal and charitable institutions, the hospital, the prison. To look at it is offensive, appalling, because there is not even tawdry stimulation to the imagination. Originally without the picturesqueness and the color of Italian or Slav quarters, the district imposed its heavy featurelessness upon those who came to live in it, Irish people mostly, until the dreary struggle for maintenance soaked up their initiative and their vitality. Unattractive as it was, it was left to its own progress of degeneration until of late years the dissonance of this quarter with the rest of the city, its fertility as a source of crime and disease have recalled it to notice.

In the West Side gangs the spirit of the district has most evidently manifested itself. They are the perverted product of the spirit of youth thrust unguarded and undirected upon hostile streets. Appropriately, it was to this problem of delinquent childhood and the causes which make for delinquency that the investigators of the West Side Studies addressed themselves.

The study of "Boyhood and Lawlessness" becomes necessarily a study of boyhood's environment; and by implication an accusation is levelled at a city which permits years in the neighborhood. They had acquired the customs and accepted the morality of their associates and each new generation became in turn subject to the necessities and the standards which accompany squalid poverty.

The boys of the Middle West Side are products of municipal *laissez-faire* at its worst. Their playground is the streets, the docks, the roofs and unlighted hallways of their unsavory dwellings—but most of all the streets. The very conditions of their play lead to lawlessness. Obstructing traffic, annoying shop-keepers, damaging property follow easily upon street games and bring the boys into conflict with the police. The inevitable effect on them is the direction of their ingenuity to evading capture; a malicious delight ensues in committing some petty depredation and getting off scot free. Truly the boy "is unintelligible apart from his playground," which "develops his play into mischief and his mischief into crime."

The most natural of associations, that of boys living and playing in the same street, becomes the ill-famed and destructive gang. The seepage of adult crime and violence, the language of yeggmen and thieves fall to them. And in lieu of knighthood and the pictures of literature, they have before their eyes and imaginations the very real exploits of gunmen and the heroisms and the romance of the criminal opposed to society's representative, the police. They learn to carry arms, and the fights of rival gangs terrorize the neighborhood. Their rarest gifts unused, debauched, turn them into cowards and vicious criminals.

There is no power in their homes to combat influences of the street. The home is almost invariably cramped, noisesome, and oppressed by incessant want and weariness. At best the lure of the street with its companionship and excitements outbids the home. And the struggle against disintegration becomes hopeless. Heretofore the city's answer to these conditions has been through the courts. The insufficiency of penalizing results of conditions which should be made the subject of careful preventive measures has become apparent. In some cities children are still tried in courts with no special children's judge and the outworn parole is still used instead of probation.

The chapter dealing with "The Boy and the Court" tells the story of brief records, summary dispositions of cases, the antagonism of the family for the court which comes into their lives only as another of the malign, alien forces against which it is their lot to struggle. Of the three classes into which the boys have been divided for study, "the boy who is let go, the boy who is paroled in the custody of his parents, and the boy that gets sent up," few if any were found to have been permanently influenced by the court. All roads of inquiry lead to the heart of the problem, which is the effect on the individual of a district whose conditions of life lead to violence, to a disregard of cleanliness and decency, in which drunkenness and vice are commonplace. The conditions are such that even the boy who wants to overcome the handicap of his environment finds it almost impossible to do so.

The conclusions derived from the study of "Boyhood and Lawlessness" and Miss Ruth S. True's excellent study of "The Neglected Girl" emphasizes what must be driven home again and again to unimaginative people: that you cannot hope to deal with poverty and crime through the courts and charitable institutions, that it is worth while to attack causes rather than effects of social maladjustment. But it is not as polemists that the authors present their case. It is as students. They have shown that it is possible to be critical though benevolent, and sys-

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putation of slovenly good will and bureaucratic mismanagement which so many charitable enterprises have conferred upon it. The volume is literally part of a survey of the field, an estimation of cause and effect. And it has the fascination of having been composed by people who, like Miss True, are human beings, not tabulating machines.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

"Big Things" in Poetry

You and I, by Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

"WHAT we think of may be enormous—the cosmic times and spaces, for example—whereas the inner state may be the most fugitive and paltry activity of mind. Yet the cosmic objects, so far as the experience yields them, are but ideal pictures of something whose existence we do not inwardly possess but only point at outwardly, while the inner state is our very experience itself. . . . It is a *full* fact, even though it be an insignificant one; it is of the *kind* to which all realities whatsoever must belong."

This passage from Professor James throws into relief one of the fallacies which have been most marked in American literature and art, and one which Miss Monroe's poems illustrate. We seem to feel that phenomena of "enormous" objective importance necessarily imply a corresponding demand on the mind of the poet and the artist. It is easy to understand how a people like ourselves, weak and confused in our understanding of the word personality and always ready to substitute an aggressive individualism for it, should have lost our bearings among all the "big" things that make up our life; but our future depends, for all that, upon disentangling "real things" from things we "point at outwardly," and upon deliberately refusing to stretch our emotional natures beyond the range of experience that is honestly ours.

Lately Miss Monroe, if we are not mistaken, pointed out the tremendous opportunity the Panama Canal opens to American poets. Such an idea comes naturally to a mind so public-spirited, progressive, and humanitarian as hers. Yet her own volume shows its unfortunate effect upon poetry. She has risen, deliberately and conscientiously, to many tremendous opportunities of this kind. The Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, the wreck of the *Titanic,* the Canal itself, the passing of the Hetch-Hetchy, have all been celebrated by her. The result is, in those poems, as in the "Letter from Peking" and others of the sort, an almost complete obliteration of personality, a substitution of muscularity for sensitiveness, a loss of elasticity, a too professional touch, a too frequent resort to rhetoric. Ode-making is never more dangerous than when it springs from a sense of patriotic obligation, especially in a country which is more remarkable for the things people do than for the things people are.

But this is merely one tendency in a collection which is large and various, and contains much that is fresh and personal. One finds, for example, such a charming lyric as "After Sunset":

> The forest was a shrine for her,
> A temple richly dressed;
> And worshippers the tall trees were
> [illegible]
> She took to herself the waning day
> Like a round twilight moon,
> Serenely rising far away—
> A silvery moon of June,
> That whiter than the morning is
> And fairer than the noon.
>
> The dim world darkened round her—all
> Was night save where she shone,
> Save where she stood so slim and small
> The shadowed earth upon;
> As though the earth were new, and she
> Would light its fires anon.

Which serves to show how much for poetry are the most fugitive things.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Testimony in Meeting

George Bernard Shaw: Harlequin or Patriot? by John Palmer. New York: The Century Co. 50 cents net.

NOW that Mr. Shaw has suffered the editorial condemnation of the New York *Times,* the eternal parlor discussion as to his sincerity has risen to eloquent fervor. The fact that he has not been lynched for his "Commonsense About the War" is the greatest proof, says the *Times,* of the contempt in which Englishmen hold him. Mr. Alfred Noyes suggests putting him in the Tower. The suggestion smacks of English futility in the face of satire. Shaw's grin in the Tower would be a Gargantuan and symbolic spectacle, to dissolve the boredom of many generations when they consider the early twentieth century.

To give heart to the parlor Shavians comes Mr. John Palmer, successor to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Beerbohm as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review.* He engagingly announces, from the vantage ground of personal knowledge, that most of the popular conceptions of Shaw are quite wrong. Shaw is not an original thinker, but the popularizer of theories long taught in the universities. He really doesn't consider himself a better playwright than Shakespeare; he criticises himself impartially, and writes about himself so much merely because he is a good critic and finds ordinary criticism inadequate. Shaw is not a jester, but a carefully read and serious thinker. Shaw acquired the reputation of being a merciless rationalist only because he can use logic when he wants to and isn't afraid of it. He is not a dangerous anarchist, but a methodical man with a deep sense of responsibility. He is a passionate puritan and reformer. The magic of G. B. S. is not what he has to say, but the way he says it. He had his power and prejudice before he had his arguments. Mr. Palmer ends by excusing Mr. Shaw for his "Commonsense" on the ground that it is a mistake, but a mistake due to Shaw's greatest virtues. . . . Of course, of course—and not at all.

Well, the value of Mr. Palmer's booklet is not what he has to say, but the warmth that made him say it. He had his passion before he had his arguments. All that is true didn't need corroborative testimony: if it had, the testimony would have been incriminating. We dislike the alternative "Harlequin or Patriot." We imagine with sympathy Shaw's snort of disgust at the evaluation of his most costly and passionate candor as a lovable mistake covering a furtive but conventional patriotism. But it must

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